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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor, while he accepts no responsibility for manuscripts sent to him, is glad to consider such contributions when they are typewritten and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Something like a decisive success at last, and just in the nick of time! The tragically sudden death by cholera of Sir Stanley Maude in the hour of victory, and the alarming advance of the Austro-German army on Venice, had naturally depressed all spirits. The breaking through the Hindenburg line between St. Quentin and the river Scarpe is part of the patient strategy of Sir Douglas Haig, and the honours of the achievement must be divided between the Tanks and the personal initiative of General Sir Julian Byng, who before the war commanded the army in Egypt. The breach of the enemy's position extends to a depth of four or five miles along a very extended line near Cambrai, and thousands of prisoners and many guns have been taken. To think that 166 years ago Pitt and Newcastle allowed Admiral Byng to be shot, "*pour encourager les autres*," as Voltaire said!

Surprise was the keynote of the operations which secured so sweeping a success for Sir Julian Byng's Third Army—surprise and novelty. The blows, aimed at several sectors on a twenty-mile front, were unheralded by artillery preparation, the way being cleared for the infantry by a vanguard of "Tanks," which trampled down the forest of wire entanglements. That preparations on so grand a scale could have been completed, under modern conditions of observation, without being detected is in itself a very great achievement. The Third Army's performance of Tuesday, carried out entirely by United Kingdom troops, brought us some five miles nearer Cambrai and, if it has not smashed the so-called Siegfried line, it has certainly pierced it in several places. The Germans themselves, who seven months ago spoke officially of "the colossal defensive system of the Siegfried line," regarded it even then as practically impregnable. And they have since increased its strength continuously. It is no exaggeration to say

that the fall of Cambrai would be an event of incomparably greater military value than the occupation of Venice.

The fate of Venice hangs for the moment by a thread. The Italians have painfully evacuated it—a world-tragedy—but the issue depends on events in the mountains, further north, between the Brenta and the Piave. At Asiago and on the Lower Piave the invaders have till now been held. The main Austro-German blow is being dealt behind the upper reaches of the river. If it should succeed, or even threaten to succeed, the Piave line must go. The fall of Venice would not in itself be a military disaster, provided the Italian Army can retreat unbroken to the line selected for the Allied defence of Italy. The resistance has become once again worthy of the victors of the Isonzo—but they lack the guns.

Meanwhile the Germans who, we are given to believe, are on the verge of exhaustion in men, munitions, moral and money, continue to find armies for Russia, Italy, and Asia Minor. We have been told that Falkenhayn is organising a tremendous offensive at Aleppo. It was the Germans who advertised this bit of news, and it is conceivably a bluff. Whether he be there or not, our commands in Asia Minor, by assuming the initiative, must have considerably modified whatever schemes were on foot for the recapture of Baghdad. In Palestine General Allenby's non-stop forces have cut the railway to Jerusalem, defeated and routed the Turkish troops opposed to them on the Maritime Plains, entered Joppa, and are threatening Jerusalem. But it has been a joint military and naval advance so far, and one of our next objectives may be the submarine base of Haifa, known in history as Acre, the key of Palestine.

Among Germany's grandiose plans for rehabilitation after the war, the reconstruction of her mercantile marine comes first, by the formation of wide and deep canals, linking the Rhine with the North Sea at both Antwerp and Emden, the latter branching northwards at Neuss-Krefeld. The authors of this scheme aim at diverting to Germany the whole coasting trade of both Holland and Belgium and do not forget to lay stress on the facilities for fortifying both Emden and Seeburg as permanent naval bases. They insist incidentally on the imperative need of ensuring the necessary rights in the western canal as compensation in the event of Germany "deciding" to restore Belgium to its owners.

When, in the early days of the war, a French economist foretold the probability of money ceasing to have any value in the near future, no one took him seriously, but the incredible has come to pass in Germany. At Erfurt and elsewhere, it has long been the practice of doctors, dentists and other professional men to insist on payment in kind, since provisions are far harder to come by than cash or paper. The spectacle of a grateful patient, relieved of toothache or boils, gravely depositing on the table in the consulting room a couple of pounds of butter or a dozen fresh eggs may seem a phantasy for *Punch*, but it is daily history in modern Germany all the same.

Professor Förster, of Munich, may not be a political force, but he is apparently the only sane man left in Germany, now that the great journalist, Maximilien Harden, is for some reason silent. "Even if the continuation of the struggle for years were to end in our retaining Belgium, and possessing the great economic resources of the country, what could all that profit us, if the rest of the civilised world were stubbornly to shut itself against us, and to refuse all moral and economic community with us, apart from trade, in a few things which everybody requires? It is by being carried upon the back of the British world-empire that we have acquired our greatest riches." All this is the soundest sense, and a mere statement of fact. But it is a little late in the day for the discovery to be useful.

The Professor is in the right: if Germany were to conquer the whole of Europe, and to be boycotted by the British Empire and the United States, it would profit her nothing. The good opinion of neighbours is as necessary to a nation as to an individual. It is this plain truth that the Kaiser and Admiral von Tirpitz cannot, or will not, see. The Professor continues in the Munich newspaper, "the fundamental miscalculation of our might school of politicians is that they do not appreciate the simple truth that there are two parties to all exportation, and that no explosives in the world can enable us to compel a man or woman in Manchester, Montreal, Chicago, Cairo, or Buenos Aires, to buy a single pair of stockings from Chemnitz. If people's hearts are closed to us, their warehouses are closed to us also." O wise professor! A Daniel come to judgment! Your countrymen have waged the war with such blackguardism that the hearts and the warehouses of the civilised world will be closed against them, we hope, for the next fifty years. Business, of course, there will, and must be, with Germany. But there is all the difference between doing business at arm's length and doing it with a good will.

We are astonished that a nation to whom rape, murder, arson and torture are daily and approved instruments of war, should take the trouble to explain that bigamy and polygamy are about to be established on a moral basis. A pamphlet published at Cologne by one Oskar Müller expounds the system of "Secondary Marriages" by which the Prussian race is to be continued. Women of a certain age are to be called upon (which in Germany means compelled) to accept on behalf of the Fatherland what Georges Sand called "the august martyrdom of maternity." For this purpose they are to pick out married men, who, however, must obtain the consent of their first wives. The secondary wife is to wear a narrow marriage ring, and the child is to be taken off to a State nursery, after the manner of Plato. Will the first wives ever consent?

One of the most potent causes of the prolongation of the war has been our absurd tenderness towards the small neutral powers. M. Venizelos has given us the most impressive, because undesigned, corroboration of Mr. Lloyd George's speech about want of unity. M. Venizelos, who is now the Prime Minister and acknowledged representative of the Greek nation, told the Guildhall meeting that his policy was at the beginning of the war for the Greek army to occupy the Gallipoli peninsula in the name of the Entente Alliance. This would have opened the Narrows to the French and British fleets, who might have seized Constantinople, in which case Turkey would at once have made peace, and Bulgaria would not have fallen on Serbia. As far as Eastern Europe was concerned the war would have been over long ago.

This bold and far-seeing policy was absolutely forbidden by King Constantine and his German Queen, who literally held Greece down whilst Bulgaria was attacking Serbia—which the Greeks were bound by treaty to defend—and until the Turks had time to fortify the Gallipoli peninsula. Either these facts were known

to the Governments of France, Russia, Britain, and Italy, or they were not. If they were not known, the diplomatic representatives of the Entente at Athens were imbeciles. If they were known, why was this twopenny kinglet with his spouse allowed to upset the whole policy of the Entente, and to remain on his throne for two years plotting against us? This criminal tenderness for Tino has been ascribed to: 1. The influence of the British Court. 2. The influence of the Russian Court. 3. The hopes of the Italian Government to wrest the Greek islands from an embarrassed monarch. 4. The financial intrigues of French speculators who were bears or bulls of Greek bonds. Probably none of these explanations is true, and the real cause was divided counsels.

It is impossible not to feel a little sorry for our "dear Prime Minister," who has been having rather a rough time of it lately, though it is somewhat his own fault. Lord Northcliffe arrives from America, and Mr. Lloyd George casts his eye upon him. Mr. Lloyd George can no more resist a celebrity than the Empress Catherine could resist a handsome man, or than Frederick the Great's father could resist a tall one. When a new face appeared at Catherine's Court, she sent Madame the "éprouveuse" to sample and secure him. When Frederick met a tall man in Berlin, he sent a sergeant to kidnap him. Mr. Lloyd George made up his mind to add Lord Northcliffe to his Government, and thought, in his simplicity, that the new Air Ministry might just suit the great man.

In order to avoid slighting Lord Cowdray (who is a very able business man, though he does not own twenty newspapers), the Prime Minister privately and confidentially asks Lord Northcliffe whether he would accept the new post. To his horror and surprise, an insolent refusal addressed to my "dear Prime Minister" appears in all the papers! The day after appears in all the papers a mild and dignified rebuke to the "dear Prime Minister" from Lord Cowdray for not telling him that his place was wanted, and naturally accompanied by his resignation. So that the dear Prime Minister loses Lord Cowdray, does not gain Lord Northcliffe, and appears to all the world to have acted shabbily. This is Mr. Lloyd George's punishment for not knowing his Northcliffe.

A more arrogant and mischievous letter than Lord Northcliffe's we have never read. He refuses the Prime Minister's offer with a contemptuous reference to "the repeated invitation," which puts Mr. Lloyd George in the posture of a suppliant. He then goes on to contrast "the virile atmosphere of the United States and Canada" with the slackness of the Old Country, which has provided five million men and four thousand million pounds in three years, and without whose superhuman efforts the Entente Alliance could not hold together for a week. The obvious truth is that Lord Northcliffe, like a vain woman, is furious because, owing to "the absurd secrecy about the war," the doings of his War Mission have not been sufficiently trumpeted in the Press.

The letter concludes with a warning, in incredibly bad taste, that "unless there is swift improvement in our methods here, the United States will rightly take into its own hands the entire management of a great part of the war. It will not sacrifice its blood and treasure to incompetent handling of affairs in Europe." We fancy that all decent Americans will blush when they read the criticism and the intention imputed to them by Lord Northcliffe. The Americans have never engaged in a war with European armies, and they have not for over half a century lost a soldier in the field. Though modesty is not, perhaps, their strongest national characteristic, no responsible American would, we feel sure, venture on so presumptuous a criticism of the British, French, and Italian Governments and their generals. When Lord Northcliffe talks, in his own journalese, of a "virile atmosphere," he naturally mistakes loud talk for deeds.

When the Americans have done something, it will be time enough for them to criticise those who have been fighting and paying for three years. But in the meantime nothing can more effectively promote ill-feeling and make bad blood between Britons and Americans than the repetition by Lord Northcliffe and his Press of the loose talk of the bars and saloons of the United States. But three cheers for Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who has given Lord Northcliffe one straight between the eyes at the Railwaymen's Conference at Leicester! Mr. Thomas wants to know why the Censor, who in the garb of "Dora" is so down on humble individuals like ourselves, allows Lord Northcliffe "to belittle the great sacrifices made by this country for over three years." For no more than hinting in the most periphrastic journalese that the Russians were "wasters," we have ourselves been threatened with the penalties of "Dora." But here is Lord Northcliffe, in leaded Cavendish type, proclaiming to the world that the Entente is rotten, and the Censor merely winks at the Attorney-General, like the two Roman Augurs.

Mr. J. H. Thomas says with regard to the threat that the Americans will take the matter into their own hands, that it is time for Labour in this country to say "We will take charge of it." Stout and unbelieving Thomas is not in the least afraid of the Northcliffe Press: thank God there is somebody left in this country who is not to be intimidated by the minatory leader or the poisonous paragraph. "The position to my mind is a very serious one, because we here find somebody who, refusing to take responsibility, believes that his one special function is to make and unmake Governments, and, if need be, to drive the best elements in our public life into retirement because they will not play his game. I say that if we are to have in this country another Press dictatorship, it is time for Labour to stand four-square to it." The fact is Lord Northcliffe forgot Labour, as Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen. He has been so accustomed to bully his Asquiths, and his Balfours, and his Bonar Laws, that he forgot Labour. But he is up against Labour this time, and that is why he is off to the States again, where his ruffled plumes will be smoothed by the congenial society of the reporters.

Speaking at the Constitutional Club luncheon Sir Edward Carson expressed the hope that the political truce would last through the critical period of reconstruction following the war. For a seasoned lawyer and politician that is a sanguine, not to say innocent, hope. The period of reconstruction will be chiefly occupied with three problems, viz.: 1. What to do with the women now employed in doing the work of men at the front. 2. What to do with the returned men, both the sound and the disabled. 3. How fairly to divide the burthen of taxation necessitated by the war and its consequences. To imagine that these questions can be settled on the basis of a party truce is a dream. Already a large party is in existence which is determined to throw the whole cost of the war on the class that pays income tax, and which numbers 1,500,000 out of a population of 45,000,000.

Sir Charles Holroyd was a devoted and self-sacrificing servant of the State. Under his hand the Tate Gallery was launched and steadily enriched, through his tact and personal enthusiasm. His task at the National Gallery was by no means the easy task of earlier days. For his directorship fell at the time when prices were soaring, when the Americans and Germans were frequenting the market and the National Gallery purchase grant was still based on the old irrevocable conditions. The days when a perspicacious director could acquire a block of masterpieces, including Uccello's finest work and half a dozen Orcagnas for about £7,000; when Van Eycks were to be picked up for less than £200, and Bronzino's "Venus and Folly" was in a lot of forty-six pictures, all bought for some £9,000, were hopelessly departed. England was no longer the spoiler but the spoiled. Thus the trials of a director of the nation's artistic interests, unprovided with ammunition, constantly assailed by outcries raised over master-

pieces going to America, must in these days be hard. Moreover, the cumbersome machinery which must be set in motion before the Gallery can make decisions of purchase is very little suited to modern conditions when mobility and sudden raids settle the issue out of hand. These burdens of office were, in Sir Charles Holroyd's case, unfairly added to by external troubles and anxieties. Comparatively young, as holders of such offices go, he had to relinquish his position.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* very pertinently asks, "What are the London Members doing?" There are 61 London Members, including Mr. Balfour, Mr. Long and Sir Frederick Banbury, and composed almost equally of the two old parties. If these 61 gentlemen were to act together in the interests of London, there is hardly anything that the Government could refuse them. But they never have acted, and probably never will act, in unison, and apparently they take no interest in Metropolitan questions. There is the question of the distribution of coal, the tramway, tube and omnibus question—the traffic of London is in a scandalous condition—there is the taxi-cab dispute, by which 1,500 cabs are laid up to the great inconvenience of the public, and there is the formation of a milk trust, by which our daily supplies are threatened. Why do the London voters return these dumb dogs?

It is undoubtedly an advantage to be christened John, because people will persist in calling you Honest John. Both Mr. Morley and Mr. Burns were called Honest John; but we are not aware that either of those distinguished politicians enjoyed any monopoly of the commonplace virtue denoted by that adjective, though they both left the Government on the declaration of war in 1914. Lord Morley, whose *Reminiscences* we review in another column, was not an attractive speaker, having a thin and unmusical voice, and an awkward habit of emphasising his points by wagging his head. But his language was always clear—what journalists call nowadays crystallising—and it fitted as closely to the matter as the scabbard to the sword. It is said that Macmillan's paid him £1,000 a year as "reader," and some of his later, but not best, books, such as 'Cromwell,' sold well in America.

Mr. Morley was a very good editor, being prompt to discern real literary merit, and courteous in writing with his own hand to contributors. He relates comically enough how he used on Tuesday mornings to find himself regularly face to face with Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) in the ante-room of the editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and how they sat glaring at one another in gloomy silence. Dr. Johnson declared that not to speak to a fellow creature with whom you found yourself in the same room was "to ignore the common rights of humanity." Lord Morley explains the situation by saying that Lord Salisbury had, like himself, "a talent of silence." Douglas Cook, who was then editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, must have been a mighty impartial personage, if he employed on his staff Morley, Leslie Stephen (specially retained, we are told), and Lord Robert Cecil. Other times, other writers. We have not perceived that our ante-room is crowded with future Cabinet Ministers of opposite politics.

One of the greatest of philologists, the late Professor Max Muller, ascribed the decay and corruption of languages to the indolence of mankind. This laziness, which shows itself in contractions, has been playing havoc with "the well of English undefiled" during the last decade. Popular long ago dwindled to "pop." We heard a newsboy offer a Sunday paper as "the Ref." In that paper the writer of a famous column—is it "Custard and Mess?"—described himself as "quite skep. and free from trep. about the Zep." Promenade concert has been reduced to "prom."; and we suppose programme, which in some quarters is spelt program, will finally shrink to "prog." The latest of these contractions, which threaten to swallow our language, has just reached us. One man said to another in the Park, "Have you

seen six osses with a guide pass this way?" "There are no horses allowed on this walk." "I didn't mean horses, but Australians." Our bravest Colonials diminished to Osses! But this is not the worst. A great poet is known as "Rud"; the capital of Suffolk is popularly referred to as "Swich"; and P.U.P. stands for Patched-up-Peace.

Why any human being, of whatever sex, should consider it a punishment to be deprived of a franchise, which will be divided amongst twenty million electors, we do not know. But if it be a penalty, by all means let it be inflicted on the conscientious objectors, who are during a war the enemies of their country. Lord Hugh Cecil says that "the safety of the State is *not* the highest law," but that there is a higher moral or religious law which allows every individual to judge what is right or wrong, not in matters of faith, but in civic practice. Where, we may ask, in the Old or New Testament does Lord Hugh Cecil find this law? As Sir George Cave said, Lord Hugh Cecil's speech will be quoted by every revolutionary and rebel in the world, for it justifies Sinn Feinism. It is, in short, Bolshevism touched with emotion.

Has not the time arrived when a Standard of Dress as well as a Standard of Food should be adopted and enforced? In the reign of Henry VIII., as we remember, there were sumptuary laws which regulated the number of dishes and suits of clothes and the materials to be used by the different classes of society. As those were the days of "Merrie England," why not copy them? Men's dress is in a very undecided and decidedly shabby transition. The "topper" will soon be as obsolete as a hansom, and the black-tie and dinner-jacket is fast superseding the "*habit noir et cravate blanche*." But it is, of course, women's dress that requires regulation. It is sheer hypocrisy on the part of the daily papers to write about economy, when half their space is filled with draper's advertisements inciting women to extravagance. The Prime Minister makes a speech to which the House of Commons listens breathless: but the reader is interrupted at the critical point by a column advising women to buy somebody's tea-gowns, or lingerie, or fur-coats. Let the Prime Minister's wife and Mrs. Asquith be appointed Dress Controllers, and let a new Ministry be established with as many duchesses and countesses as can be got to serve at small salaries.

Money is squandered so recklessly by the Government that the Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted the other day that he didn't know whether Lord Northcliffe was paid a salary or not; nor could he state the cost of the British Mission in the United States, nor even what its objects were. What is Lord Northcliffe's Mission doing, and what does it cost? If there is any man, woman, or child in the United States or the British Empire who does not know all about the war, it is because he or she does not want to know. It is the painful truth that there are a considerable number of men and women who take no interest in the war except as a means of supplying them with money, which they spend in music-halls and restaurants.

We are sorry to notice the death of Mr. George Aitken, a Civil Servant who was an authority on the Augustan period in English letters. Paradox and smartness flourish nowadays, and make some easy reputations, but sound and wide knowledge of a subject or a period grows increasingly rare. Mr. Aitken's patient erudition and excellent judgment have added much to our understanding of a great period of English prose. His monograph on Steele and his annotated edition of the "*Spectator*"—clear, unpretentious and exhaustive—are models of what such work should be. His research on Defoe is also notable. His scattered papers in the "*Cambridge History of English Literature*" and elsewhere might well be gathered into a volume which would be valued by all genuine students.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CRITICS.

POLITICAL storms rise and subside as quickly as the squalls on the Italian lakes which are the terror of their boatmen. Between the Paris speech and the meeting of the House of Commons on Monday there was a perfect hubbub of excitement in the clubs and in Fleet Street. Mr. Asquith had "asked for a day"; and it was clear that Mr. Lloyd George's expulsion from power was only a matter of hours. Our two most esteemed contemporaries, the *Whig Spectator* and the *Radical Nation*, both deposed Mr. Lloyd George out of hand as "impossible"; and the *Nation* constructed a new Government, with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour, all septuagenarians, at its head. The *Morning Post* chuckled cynically that if Mr. Lloyd George was bad, Mr. Asquith was worse. For our part we were content to wait and see, not feeling certain that the House of Commons would kill Mr. Lloyd George to make Mr. Asquith king, and not knowing clearly what political crime Mr. Lloyd George had committed. The event justified our caution, for never probably did a Prime Minister enjoy a more decisive triumph over his adversaries. Mr. Asquith had his day, and a very bad day it was for him and his followers.

One of the most recurrent charges brought against the Prime Minister by all sections of the Press was impetuosity. In the language of the *Times*, "he had let himself go"; and even those writers most favourable to him were apt to say that the well-known Celtic temperament had hurried him into an indiscretion. Mr. Lloyd George calmly proved that he left for the Rapallo Conference with a written document in his pocket, settled line by line by the War Cabinet with the assistance of Sir William Robertson. This document contained the detailed scheme of the Supreme War Council of Allies, which was agreed to by all the representatives of the Entente Powers on the Italian Riviera. The speech, supposed by its critics to have been hastily hatched before the *déjeuner* by Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, was, the Prime Minister told the House, written out and translated into French for the Press before he knew that Mr. Churchill was in Paris, and it was delivered as written. So much for the charges of impetuous improvisation and conspiracy against the General Staffs of the Entente. The speech was not agreeable? It was not the business of Mr. Lloyd George, any more than of the early Christians, to be agreeable: his business was to rouse the world, by strong and striking language, to a sense of the reality of the situation, in which he perfectly succeeded. As the Prime Minister said of himself modestly: "I may know nothing of military strategy: but of political strategy I do claim to know something."

On the relations between statesmen and strategists in war the Prime Minister was very effective. It is all very well to accuse the politicians of interfering with the military experts, he said. "I have only twice interfered with the military experts: once on the question of guns and ammunition, when I insisted on ordering a very much larger supply than they asked for; and once when I insisted on taking the organisation of the railway system behind the lines out of the hands of the soldiers and placing it in the hands of Sir Eric Geddes." It was a crushing retort to all the loose talk about "the politicians" interfering with the plans of the soldiers. The ultimate responsibility in war must rest upon the Governments of the belligerent Powers, and in free countries Governments are composed of politicians. Thus by quick turns of the wrist, and dazzling fence, did Mr. Lloyd George disarm his opponents one by one and remain the victor on a stricken Parliamentary field.

But after paying our tribute of admiration to the great Parliamentary gladiator, what is the new plan that is going to win the war? We understand that at present, as regards the British Army, there are three authorities at work. There is the Imperial General Staff, with Sir William Robertson at its head; there is the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field,

Sir Douglas Haig and his G.H.Q., and all the Army Commanders and their Staffs; and there is, above all, the War Cabinet of Seven in Downing Street. We do not know the precise division of military authority in France, Italy, and the United States, but presumably it is no simpler than our own. To all these authorities there is by the Rapallo agreement to be added another Council, the Supreme War Council of the Allies, which is to meet regularly once a month at Versailles, and is to consist of a representative from each of the Allies, and of a military expert of high rank from each of the Allies, assisted presumably in each case by a number of Staff officers. The business of this Supreme War Council of the Allies is to be advisory, not executive. It is to meet regularly at Versailles for the purpose of surveying the war on all fronts, exchanging ideas, deciding on strategy, and reporting to its respective Governments. We hope, as all men must hope, that the new Council may produce co-ordination of plan and something like unity of action. The grim fact, however, remains that soldiers and sailors, admirals and generals, win wars, not councils of statesmen and experts of the Cabinet. A parting word to the admirals and generals. Are they not absurdly touchy and impatient of criticism in the Press? It is the business, or rather the duty, of the representatives of the nation to criticise not only the policy but the conduct of war. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith before him have destroyed that constitutional body, His Majesty's Opposition, by their coalitions. By roping into his Government of ninety every man of ability, except Mr. Asquith and his remnant, the Prime Minister has effectually silenced authoritative criticism in Parliament. That duty therefore devolves upon the Press. The admirals and generals complain that the criticism is ignorant. Very likely: then refute it by knowledge: crush it by explanation: querulous complaint is no answer. But the admirals and generals are not in Parliament, and cannot defend themselves? We should be sorry for the admirals and generals if they had to defend themselves; they would probably make a mess of it, for talking is not their trade. But they are represented in Parliament by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, and a host of under-secretaries. What are these men paid large salaries for except to defend the admirals and generals from criticism?

If it is madness to talk of an attack on the Flanders coast from the sea, let Sir Eric Geddes tell us why it is so. Mr. Lloyd George reminded the House of Commons, with more historic accuracy than usual, that no navy and no army had ever received such unstinted support from Parliament in money and men as our present forces by sea and land. Consider the shabby and captious treatment which Nelson experienced at the hands of the Admiralty, how grudgingly he was rewarded, how many splendid victories he won before he was given a supreme command! Let Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Jellicoe and his friends remember these things. Consider, again, the treatment which Wellington received at the hands of the Government and Parliament when he was fighting with his back to the wall in the Peninsula. Wellington was stinted in men and money, in food and clothes: his men were often in rags and often starving. He was denounced by the Whig Opposition as an incompetent, even a coward. Notices of opposition to his pension and to the votes of thanks were given by Creevey, the Pringle or Outhwaite of the day. Yet Wellington never complained; he bore no rancour, as his friendly treatment of Creevey at a later date proved. He simply did what a great soldier ought to do: he went on fighting to the best of his ability and treated his critics with toleration, perhaps with contempt. Let us hear no more of these whining complaints of criticism. The Navy and the Army are backed by the unlimited resources of the Empire, and their actions are followed with unstinted praise and sympathy. But we do want to know what is going on: and we reserve the right to demand results, such, for instance, as the splendid news just received from the West.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

AS a German paper told us the other day that there are only two phrases between us—Militarism and Freedom of the Seas—it may be worth while examining what these phrases mean. They are both in reality very old issues, for which England has fought not once but many times. "Militarism" is simply our old friend "Balance of Power" under a new name. England has always fought, sooner or later, any Power which attempted to establish a military domination over the Continent. Whether it be worth while fighting in such a cause may be left to the discretion of the reader.

But we chiefly desire to consider the meaning of the other phrase, which is so much in every German mouth. The Germans are not original people, and they have merely taken this phrase from the seventeenth-century Dutch. Doubtless it might be traced further back; but the seventeenth century is antiquity enough for our purpose. Grotius, then, started the ball with his famous treatise *Mare Liberum*, which was directed against English naval power. The Dutch were at that time the ocean carriers of the world. They had established this position by a strong navy; but the Dutchman being of an economical disposition, there was an outcry in Holland against the burden of armaments, and it was ingeniously proposed to substitute legal maxims—which are probably a little less of an immediate charge than ships of war.

The Dutch, it should be noted, were sea-carriers both for Spain and France, and the English claimed that in case of war they were free to seize the goods of their enemies in transit, no matter upon what ships they were carried. As war might take place at any time between England and Spain or France, the sea traffic of the Dutch lived under this continual menace, unless, indeed, they built a navy strong enough to protect it. And that, as we have seen, they were unwilling to do. But incidentally the English claimed the sovereignty of the narrow seas, and exacted from other shipping an elaborate salutation. This claim goes back a very long way. Thus, for example, there is a letter among the Paston Letters from a certain Robert Wenynghton, of Devon, reporting a great fight he had with a hundred great ships of the Hanseatic League between Guernsey and Portland. He bade them "strike in the Kyngy's name of Englund"; but the Germans, being valiant in their strength, "scornyd with me," and "bade me skyte in the Kyngy's name of Englund." Whereupon the man of Devon fell upon those Germans, defeated them, and brought their ships into the Solent.

Such were the claims against which the learned Grotius wrote his *Mare Liberum*. The English in those days valued sea power, and John Selden was commissioned to write a reply. Now, Selden was no less a scholar, as scholarship went in those days—and it went far—than Grotius, and his reply, the *Mare Clausum*, is a most formidable piece of law and learning, which traces the rights of English kings from the Deluge downwards. But its effect was neutralised by an unfortunate circumstance. King James happened to be in debt to his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, and as he thought such pretensions might offend that Power, he forbade publication.

The matter was to be settled in a more practical way than by the quilllets of the law. The Dutch, although they were all for a *Mare Liberum* where they were weak in the Channel, enforced a *Mare Clausum* where they were strong, in the Indian Ocean. The massacres of Amboyna roused the mercantile party in England to such a pitch of fury that when they had the opportunity, under the Commonwealth, they enforced their claim with such rigour as gave the Dutch no alternative but to go to war. Cromwell's Navigation Laws, and the practice of the English Navy in those and other wars, were the embodiment of the English conception of sea power and sea law. As to sea law, the English position had been laid down very succinctly by Queen Elizabeth when Drake seized the naval supplies carried in German ships to Spain. "... in time of war, betwixt kings, it is lawful for the one party to intercept the assistance and succours sent to the other, and to take care that no

damage may grow thereby to himself." In pursuance of this policy the fleets of England in the great wars of the seventeenth century made prize of enemy goods on whatsoever vessels they might be carried, and sent the broadsides of their seventy-fours through the parchment protection of the Dutch. The climax came when Rodney seized the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, used by the Dutch for the contraband trade with our rebel colonies, and with it goods to the value of four millions sterling and over 150 ships. It has generally been held by English lawyers—at least by those of the Whig persuasion—that while it was within our rights to seize the ships and their cargoes, it was in excess of our rights to seize the goods or the island. But that is a point of legal casuistry which we do not propose to attempt to determine. Nations which are fighting for their lives will always refuse to respect those fine distinctions.

Frederick the Great felt himself injured by such a drastic conception of sea law, and he engineered the armed neutrality. At the same time he disputed the right of our Navy, and refused to pay his debts to England until his point of view was conceded.

Frederick was at that time, by the seizure of Dantzic and other measures, endeavouring to build up a commercial and naval power, and he thought that the English Navy stood in his way. The armed neutrality was a formidable business. France, Spain, and the American colonies were at war with us, and we had quite enough on our hands without confronting the Northern League, which consisted of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland. This Northern League stood for the doctrine of free goods and free ships, which was a lofty way of saying that they intended to force the British blockade of France and America. England had to make the choice between surrendering her naval power and facing the whole world in arms. She did not hesitate, but declared war on Holland at the end of 1780, and, as we have seen, swept her commerce from the seas. We also seized most of the Dutch colonies, and Holland was left without ships or empire, a melancholy example of the vanity of putting one's trust in legal maxims instead of in arms. The Northern League fell to pieces, and England emerged from her war against the world stronger than she went into it.

In the wars with revolutionary France we followed the same policy, and Napoleon replied with the second armed neutrality, which embraced Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia. It also was a league for the freedom of the seas—in other words, for the defeat of British naval power. Among its stipulations were free navigation for neutral vessels from port to port and on the coast of nations at war; the freedom of goods belonging to belligerents on neutral vessels; a narrow definition of blockade and a limitation of the right of search and capture.

In reply Nelson forced the Sound, bombarded Copenhagen, brought the Russian corn trade to a stand, and thus forced terms both upon Denmark and upon Russia. Napoleon replied with his Berlin Decrees closing the Continent to British commerce, and British Orders in Council countered this move by extending our rights of blockade practically to the whole world. Thus the land was mobilised against the sea, but the sea was victorious. France was reduced to a state of ruin by the blockade, but Napoleon failed to keep our manufactures out of northern Europe. The Island defeat of a Continental empire was possible only by this rigorous and drastic use of sea power. It would have been impossible if we had conceded to the second armed neutrality the principles for which it stood.

In the present war we have followed the opposite principle. We had already surrendered the freedom of the seas in the Declarations of Paris and London, and we feared to restore these rights because of the latent possibility that the United States might join with Scandinavia and Holland in a third armed neutrality.

How far that fear was justified it is difficult, and perhaps dangerous, to discuss at the present time, but one point may at least be made which goes far to settle the whole controversy. The Board of Trade figures show that we allowed to pass into Holland and Scan-

dinavia enormous quantities of goods which must, by their very proportions, have been destined for Germany and came not from foreign countries but from the British Empire. That being so, we were disabled from enforcing the blockade upon America, for America knew as well as our Foreign Office that the British Empire was breaking the code she proposed to enforce. So that she had this sharp retort ready to hand: "If you trade, why should not we?" Our hands were not clean, and, that being so, we were in no position to enforce a strict blockade upon other nations. We may also hazard the assertion that at the beginning of the war all the neutrals were reconciled to the idea of a sea blockade as the obvious thing for us to do, and that they would have been content, no doubt with a good deal of grumbling, to trade with the Allies, a sufficiently profitable business, and not hazard the loss of everything by kicking against the pricks of British naval power.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.—VI.

By the President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

MAN, in his life, at once so little and yet so large, on this earth, has constantly to reckon, leaving the divine and supernatural out of account, with two factors and forces, the first, nature, the second, human nature. He deals successfully with both, by "obeying," as Bacon said, that is, by understanding, the laws on which they act. To know how they are acting at this moment, and how they will act in the future, he must know how they have acted in the past. This he knows, partly, like the other animals, and indeed plants too, which are, like himself, portions of nature, by reason of the fact that these laws themselves press every moment upon him, and that he is what he is because he has been developed in accordance with their pressure; but he also knows it beyond and above the other animals by conscious observation, experiment, and record. He makes, from the beginning, this observation, experiment, and record, partly for himself, partly by taking it from others.

His first education he gets from his mother and father, his next from his brothers and sisters, then from his comrades generally, and then finally from his elders. The Family, the School, the University, some technical training in an art or profession, that is the natural sequence.

The special function of the University lies in the realm of record and experiment. But always there are the two factors and forces, nature and human nature, to be borne in mind.

The element of experiment seems to be concerned more especially with our relation to nature. It is not possible, to the same extent, to experiment with human nature, and for ascertaining its laws, while we have the immense advantage of our own consciousness, we have to depend mainly on observation and record. It is here, too, that the whole past accumulation of history and literature, of what are called by a natural and appropriate name the "Humanities," comes in. What has been done, and felt, and recorded; what is the best and clearest, and most memorable record, how men have been swayed and acted upon, and might be swayed and acted upon again; the scope and splendour of their achievement, the intensity of their passion, the beauty of their expression, are all included in this term. It is an enormous field. "The proper study," that is, not so much the right study as the peculiar study, "of mankind is man." With these the Universities, which represent the elders, especially as in the course of successive ages they grow old, and their old experience seems to give them something of the right of prophesying, naturally busy themselves. The tradition of the time-honoured Universities, not merely of Great Britain, but of Europe, is a very great one, not lightly to be lost.

The so-called "Classics," the Latin and Greek studies of Oxford and Cambridge, are an immense inheritance. There is no need to argue their cause again. They afford undoubtedly, to those who can appreciate them, a wonderful aid and stimulus, and a delightful training.

Still the ancients, with their "great verse" left "to a little clan," thrill and stir as nothing else does. Still

those lines, "born at some Ionian festival or among the Sabine hills, have a power over the mind and a charm, which the current literature of our own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival." Still those who commerce with them are "like men who have had a weighty and impressive experience." Still their penetrating apophthegms, chiselled, like their sculpture, to an ineffable nicety, and mellowed by the touch of time and association, "the mob cannot be philosophers"; "men not walls make a city"; "a democracy cannot rule an empire"; "what avails the letter of the law without the spirit to respond?" "the sense of tears in mortal things"—come home as the quintessence of public and private wisdom. Still a page of Thucydides contains more permanent political truth than "all the works" of Cobden. Still a phrase or a couplet of Homer or Virgil has but to be laid, like the sea-shell, to the ear of the soul,

"And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The old Classics are not merely *literae humaniores*, but *literae humanissimae*. And they afford to those who know and love them a rare and peculiar pleasure, so concentrated, so unprejudiced are they, so thrice-distilled is their elixir, so ripe its flavour. For the orator, the lawyer, the divine, the poet, the historian, they are the first and best of training.

But something more is needed in the pulsing, labouring world of to-day. There are other "Classics" and other "humane studies" than those of Athens and Rome. As the world grows older, the process of constant winnowing and revision, which originally created the "Classical classics," still goes on age by age. New "Classics" are added from century to century, in English, in French, in Italian, in every modern language.

Only, if we look for "Classics," we must "see that we get them," that we get the real thing, and do not accept, in their place, the ephemeral literature of the hour, the "courier" language of the moment and of its needs. We want a knowledge of the Modern Languages, not to order a cutlet or a bottle of wine, but that we may understand the modern peoples. It is impossible to understand the soul of a people without knowing their language. "The style is the man," the language is the people. The student must be able to read what they write for themselves, and as they write it for themselves.

But if we are to understand these languages fully we must study them in their past, as well as in their present. On this the Universities will rightly insist. The Modern Languages have been too much neglected hitherto, alike in the Public Schools and in the old Universities, though considerable efforts were being made in both to overcome that neglect just before the war broke out. They must be studied in the future seriously, and as Classics, the same high literary and critical standard, the same finished command being required in their study as has been required in that of Latin and Greek.

But there is another neglect which has been even more conspicuous in both these places, the neglect of Natural Science.

Man, we said, has to reckon with nature. Never was there a greater object-lesson in regard to this than the present war. Perhaps the most conspicuous example is to be seen in the air. The war has forced men with feverish haste to learn its laws, and to develop machinery for dealing with them. But there has been hardly less development in regard to the science of explosives. The mastery of the world depends, it is clear, largely on a knowledge of science. This is, of course, in reality, even more true, though less startlingly so, in peace than in war.

And it is not only applied or technical science that is needed, especially at a University, but the appreciation of the scientific attitude of mind. Our thought to-day is largely conditioned by scientific conceptions. A true study of the past, or of metaphysics, should teach us not to ignore these, but to see round them and rise above them.

Yet this knowledge has been strangely neglected in

education, and, oddly enough, during the last century, supposed to be *par excellence* the century of science. All through the century it has been a fact that the student could enter, and leave, the old Universities ignorant of Science, but could not enter them, or leave them, ignorant of the Humanities.

The question is being raised now, and rightly, whether there should be any "compulsory subjects" at all in a University curriculum. If there are any, if the Humanities are to remain compulsory, Science should surely be compulsory also.

But what is becoming recognised is, that if neither should be compulsory, both are of vital importance. A Report of the Council for Humanistic Studies, just published by Mr. John Murray for one shilling, edited by the Head of the British Museum, Sir Frederick Kenyon, entitled 'Education, Scientific and Humane,' places the two in their right position, and brings together in one conspectus all the elements which should be considered.

What is imperative is that the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the elements, alike of humane and scientific studies, should be presented to, indeed pressed on, the attention of all young people. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. We cannot all do all things. Some will have a bent for one, some for the other, some for both. Some will have a bent for neither, but it is fair to expect that those who are to go to the University at all, and who presumably have active minds and intellectual interests, should be interested in, and capable of assimilating, at least one.

Again, Universities, and especially such national, nay, imperial, centres as Oxford and Cambridge, have two duties, which should not be divorced, but should march together, to teach and to learn; in other words, to educate and to research.

The education they give will fairly include, in the future, as it has in the past, not only intellectual, but spiritual, moral, and physical elements. They will have their University Sermons and College Chapel Services, their University discipline, their Debates, their Clubs, and Societies, the river, the cricket-field, the golf-ground, and, as far as we can see, more extensively than before, their Officers' Training Corps.

For even if this war makes wars more distant, it is clear that some force will be required to police the world, and, also, that drill and military discipline possess, not only a physical, but a moral, and even an intellectual value.

But the Universities must also learn; and research. They must not merely hand on the record. They must be always working at it themselves, and must show how it can be enriched and extended.

They must teach and stimulate "method," the method of adding to knowledge. In doing this they will not be departing from their best past. They were founded to promote, and in their first days did promote, both learning and research. It was so alike in the days of Roger Bacon and of Francis Bacon.

The Renaissance was not merely a recovery of the old record: it was a stimulus to new research. It produced not only Grocyn and Colet, but Linacre, and ultimately Harvey.

The two older Universities have had their different traditions. Cambridge has been more physical, Oxford more metaphysical. But both have shown in their best periods that science need not kill humanity, nor humanity science, but that in truth they flourish best simultaneously and side by side.

"These things ought ye to have done and not left the other undone." What will be fatal to the Empire and to the Universities themselves, is to condemn or neglect either.

HERBERT WARREN.

RODIN.

RODIN'S chief contributions to modern art were his insistence on the special rights of materials and his demolition of the classicists' canon of ideal beauty. That is to say, he imposed upon his time the recognition of the individual, intrinsic properties of bronze and marble, in so far as they are an artist's media, and

routed the school whose most notorious exponents are Canova, Bouguereau, and Leighton. In these achievements Rodin was by no means the first nor an isolated performer: the history of art has been made by his predecessors and will be completed by his successors. As regards the use of material, he merely gave to marble and bronze the fit expression that Michael Angelo and Donatello in their day employed. For such masters marble, for example, is a stern and massive medium, quite distinct from silver or wood, or even wax. Its natural strength and nobility demand, in their estimation, a corresponding grandeur of treatment; otherwise there seems no point in using it. One does not attempt to extract piccolo music from the 'cello; it is absurd to polish and soften rock till it resembles wax, or to fret and undercut it into filigree. This elementary piece of taste and commonsense gives to Rodin's "Penseur," his "Calais Burghers," his "Eve," or "Balzac" their rocklike suggestion of endurance and their monumental bulk.

The mental or spiritual significance of Rodin is, of course, an integral part of his material expression. Your Bouguereaus and Canovas usually succeed in complementing trivial minds with misconception of technique, though, on the other hand, it does not always follow that artists with large and appropriate ideas of material have also an exalted mind. But Rodin's greatness carried through. Just as Millet and Degas for their part proved that, notwithstanding the dogmas of the classicists, pictorial art was intimately concerned with everyday life, so from the first he was engrossed only in expressing life. The effect of his endeavour was so shockingly convincing that he was accused of having produced his "L'Homme de l'Age d'Airain" by means of a mould from life. But he was to go a good deal further. He is worth hearing on this head: "At first I did clever things, spirited things; but I felt it wasn't quite that. Art is not imitation, and only fools think we can create. There remains only the interpretation of nature. Everyone must interpret in the sense he likes best. I have at last defined mine." Rodin's progress, as all great artists', was inward, from the external aspect to the soul. Ceaseless study and perception made him pastmaster of visible, anatomical things: in line and wash drawings he compiled what has been called a dictionary of human gestures; his profound research gave him what seems a magic technique for expressing elusive action and fleeting atmosphere and light. None who has not seen could believe that marble can be enchanted into suggesting the fugitive, the almost ethereal and vibrating qualities of which this magician had the secret.

His spells and technical mastery, however, are relatively but clever, spirited accomplishments when we weigh his greater gifts. "Le gout" is the quality he himself insisted on as crucial; the essential thing of which craftsmanship was the servile instrument. Taste is a vague word, and apt in this context only if it signify Rodin's deep intuition of humanity's subtle and passionate emotions. His wizardry of technique subserved his expression of the soul; the occasions on which he fell, when tempted by superficial trickery, were rare. It is that deep intuition into the emotions of his time, or in other words it is his capacity for, and his power of reflecting the profounder spirit of our day that makes Rodin the great figure of modern art. Each age has, inevitably, its own consciousness of life: what we ask of artists is an intensified, a sublimated consciousness that comprehends the utmost, that gathers up into itself and reveals in fullest measure the intricate tissue of man's accumulated mind and aspiration. Rodin performs that service for his time; who shall venture to ask more of any man? The tissue of man's thought in the nineteenth century was not that of the sixteenth; it is psychologically impossible for a product of the one to enter the peculiar sanctuaries of thought and outlook of the other. The most expert modern forger of an early Renaissance Holy Family is bound to breathe a subtle taint of modern sentiment upon his Lippi Saints or angels, giving the lie to all his skill of surface counterfeiting. So the classicists imitating what they constitutionally could not

participate in, struck no chords nor evoked any spirit. But Rodin, determined to express the living, to interpret nature, as he says, and "to model well," probed the life he knew and shared, at least assured of its authentic quality. Then getting ever deeper into its complex meaning, he added his testimony to the truth declared by the great masters—that to comprehend the inner life of one's own race and time is to light up whatever one touches with convincing constant truth. Rodin's "Eve," conceived as only a nineteenth century intellect could envisage her, seems the quintessence of the Eve idea: his "Calais Burghers" epitomise the suffering and heroism of the whole race of men, of whom those citizens were but an instance; his "Pensée," producible only by a Frenchman of our day, sums up the long history of thought, regardless of date or nationality. His renderings of man's love of woman interpret anew the irresistible and unashamed passion ordained by life and by man exalted to a poetic plane, above the driven desires of beasts that perish.

It must be a gloomy thought for our poor Ichabodists, who hold that great art abruptly perished when our despised era was born, to reflect that all the time Alfred Stevens, Rodin, and Mestrovic were calmly carrying on, and shamelessly registering themselves for immortality.

HEIDEGGER (1659-1749).

(A Fantasy.)

HE lived to be 90. I was but a child when I first saw him. The great Mr. Haudel brought him to Mary Granville's grandmother's, dear Mrs. Delany, as you know her, one night that music was to be played. Mr. Handel himself was in truth no Beau Wycherley; his round German head and thickish lips making him a very bear; but he was Adonis to the man he brought. Imagine, child, a fine figure of a man in a monstrous periwig all to one side, stiff brocade waistcoat, and a gnarled face that set little Peggy a-screaming. Eyes like saucers he had, baggy underneath, much like his late Majesty's when he drove from Kensington after the news of Quebec and the death of young Colonel Wolfe, poor Katherine Lowther's betrothed; loose lips, too, that seemed to move when he was silent, and a chin poked out like some Gothick droll on a cathedral gutter. He was presented to us as the Swiss Count, and made his bow and his compliments in half-English, goggling his short-sighted eyes as if to bewitch us. But when Mr. Pope's "Dunciad" came out, we laughed over Dulness's goose, a "monster of a fowl, half-way betwixt a Heidegger and an owl," at the bare memory of that ugliness set in the bush of curls.

He made no small noise, did this Swiss Count whom his Majesty made his Master of the Revels. My Lord Chesterfield laid a bet one day that no uglier creature was to be found in town, whereon an old woman was brought forward so hideous that the company was all for her and against the Count, until my Lord cried out that it was only fair for Heidegger to be seen in the beldame's cap before the company gave its vote, and the Count, putting it on, appeared a thing so beyond nature that my Lord won his wager with great applause.

Nor was this the only story that went round the town. Heidegger walked one day from his theatre in the Haymarket to Temple Bar and back, and on his return could tell over in their proper order all the signs, the Blue Boars, Cat and Mustard Pots, Bun and Pen Wipers, Flying Dragons, and the other monstrous signs at which Mr. Addison used to make merry. One Jolly, a tailor, again, was told by a Duke that owed him money that the debt should not be paid until the tailor had brought him an uglier fellow than himself. The tailor sends the Swiss Count to his Grace upon some witty pretext, and gets his money, and a compliment to boot. Heidegger it was that brought in the Venetian masquerade and set us all agog for music and unknown partners. To go masked in a fancy dress, able to say your mind, unhindered, child, it was the greatest thing in life to us, that must curtsy to our parents and speak only when spoken to—unless, indeed, we were at once

fair enough and bold enough to carry all before us. Dear Molly Lepell was one that could do this; her Grace of Queensberry, our "Kitty beautiful and young," as well as Mr. Prior's, was another.

The Count's masquerades and ridottos, his operas in partnership with Mr. Handel, brought him wealth, and his house at Barn Elms (afterwards Ranelagh), as pretty a place as you could wish to see. As men said after his death, he gave to the poor what he took from the rich, but his generousities left him not ill off. "I came to England," he said, "without a farden, and before I knew even what an English herring was, and now earn and spend £5,000 a year. 'Tis clear, den, dat de Swiss are de most ingenious nation upon earth, for I defy any Englishman to go to Switzerland and do de like."

It was at Barn Elms that his late Majesty offered himself to sup with the Count, and complained that the house was dark, whereon Heidegger made believe to apologize humbly, but set the King a-wondering by lighting up every lamp in the house at the same moment with some elegant device of his own. One day that agreeable rattle, the late Duke of Montagu, having made him drunk, took a plaster cast from the Count's face. At the next masquerade—'twas late in his Majesty's reign, and the Jacobites were no slight danger—his Grace set this mask upon another fellow of the Count's dress and figure, and bade him set the orchestra a-playing Charley over the Water, to the confusion of the company, who wondered the more that his Majesty, who was present, made no stir. The Count himself went nigh frantick, rushed from the King to the Orchestra, and from the Orchestra to the King, and at length, by his Grace of Montagu's contrivance, came face to face with his counterfeiter, who had the impudence to point at his original, saying to his Majesty: "Indeed, Sire, 'twas not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." 'Twas of this scene the late ingenious Mr. Hogarth made his famous print of Mr. Heidegger in a rage, that hangs in our dining parlour at Lakenham.

But now to my own story, how that 'twas my frolick with Count Heidegger brought me to see no less a man than Mr. Pope. Your eyes glisten, child, and your skirt rustles as you draw your stool towards me—'twas getting further off but now. Well, Patience and shuffle the cards, as my old uncle would have said, who played no slight part in the tale as you shall have it.

Well, having met, as I told you, Mr. Handel and the Count, we gave our betters no peace because they would not let us go to the masque or the opera to see them again. My whimsical great-uncle—a Norwich man he was, that had known the wits of Mr. Dryden's days, set himself to listen to our laments, and next day we learned that, though we might not go to the opera, Count Heidegger was to come to us, to teach us all some little play or fable to act on Twelfth Day. 'Twas to be a piece for maids to act, the only man to be little Peggy's brother, a lad of seventeen, the subject Diana and Actæon. "And what are you pouting at, Miss? That you cannot be Diana, and have the biggest hoop and the bravest fan?" So said my uncle, seeing me somewhat cast down. "No, Sir," said I, "'tis that 'tis so old a theme. My father has their figures on the terrace at home, and they stand on the gates of Case-halton Park, and every cit can buy them at Mr. Cheere's to put in the square field he calls his garden." "And what would you have, Miss?" says he. "Queen Bess and her ladies a-hunting with my Lord Essex?" "No, Sir," says I, "but there is Mr. Pope's *Odyssey*, an elegant piece as ever you saw, and a Grecian Princess in it, and her maidens playing at ball, and Ulysses dressed in a tree, like the giants in my Lord Mayor's Show. That's what I would have us do, and play at ball, and dance upon the stage, instead of running away and screaming, and poor Actæon being torn by hounds after only so much as looking at us." Then Molly calls out: "O yes, Sir, and we could dance the elegantest minuet, and take little Peggy's ball and throw it about among ourselves, and have poor Ulysses home in our train, and set him up with wig and flowered gown, like Cato in Mr. Addison's play." My uncle said no more; but that evening we heard that the play was to be done as I had wished.

When Heidegger came my uncle was there. "Well, Count," says he, "I have granted the young ladies' whim, but 'tis on one condition. Let them dance in a quincunx." "In a kvinckunk, sare?" says he, "and what's dat?" "The quincunx of heaven runs low," says my uncle, serious. "'Twas not for nothing I sat as a lad with Sir Thomas Browne, so full of fun as well as learning, within sound of St. Peter Mancroft bells, and heard him read the Garden of Cyrus, and watch him plant his quincunxes on Timber Hill. Quincuncial it shall be, or the devil take the play and you." And he set us to a pattern on the stage, two and two, and one in the middle.

And an elegant dance he made of it, setting our Molly-Nausicaa in the middle, and making us move about upon his pattern form, casting Peggy's ball from one to the other till Ulysses entered and set us four at the corners a-scampering. "Good for a herd, covey, gaggle, drove, flight, clutch, swarm or flock," says my uncle, "though a gaggle were the better word, for a verier gaggle of giggling geese I never saw."

We rehearsed the play daily, Heidegger pulling us this way and that (by the leg if nothing better offered), grunting, stamping his foot and saying, "I'm debilish aunoy," my uncle, playing propriety, and raving, said our Harry-Ulysses, like the lunatic that ran through St. Paul's in the Fire, shouting his "Woe, woe." For if we fell out of our quincuncial order, he fell on us with sounding words from his dear Sir Thomas, half Latin, half English, and wholly beyond our understanding, about the quincuncial faculty of decussation and the like. Our very dresses were set with quincunxes, dull square dots like a chessboard, a sore disappointment to us, who had hoped that the great Mr. Kent himself might design our Twelfth Day gowns, as he did for ladies going to the Drawing Room.

On the night itself, half giggling, half afraid, we went upon our stage, the dais, set apart in the great hall for our use, with a strapping Whiffler at each corner to give it your true Norwich fashion. But scarce had Molly spoken her opening lines as Nausicaa—not Mr. Pope's, but my Uncle's, be it said:—

"'Tis meet in this fair spot to pause and play,
Refreshed with rest on this auspicious day,"

when the company moved and rose as if to greet the King. Count Heidegger in the wings hissed at us, "Your cue, ladies, damme, your cue," but he, too, after a peep, grew silent and bowed his ugly head atop of his tall figure, like the giant at Bartlemy Fair, as a little hunch-backed man, with small features carved as if from ivory, and great dark melting eyes like Peggy's fawn, limped forward on somebody's arm. "'Tis Mr. Pope himself," whispered Molly, "I saw him at my uncle's," and, as the word went round, the company applauded as if 'twere His Majesty himself, "or the Chevalier de St. George," said Molly, whose mother had been presented in King James's days.

We stammered our first lines lamely enough, but Molly, rising to the heights of occasion (so said my uncle afterwards), spoke so fairly and firmly that we, steadied by her example, said our parts as never before. Never did the quincunx lose its shape, never did Ulysses speak so nobly, nor our Nausicaa cease to be the Grecian princess to become our romping Molly. The curtain fell, and amid the applause and calls for us, Mr. Pope rose and spoke his thanks for our interpretation. That the lines were worthier of the divine Homer had been, said he, his earlier wish; that they were worthier of their speakers was now his one desire, and with that he bowed, we curtsied, and the curtain was about to fall when Heidegger stepped forward, and, gesticulating like a figure in one of Piranesi's etchings, said in his broken English that always set us a-laughing: "Dese honourable ladies have done dat I told dem, and my efforts and deirs are now immortal, ondyng, since dey have been honoured wid de praise of de modern Homer, our great Mr. Pope. In de name of de company I tank him for de honour done to dem and me," and he bowed and goggled.

So ends my tale, child, with the laughter of the company and the grim smiles of my uncle, whose last

words were of quincunxes and whiffles and of those days in the ancient city of Norwich when he had sat with Sir Thos. Browne, whom I have heard the great Dr. Johnson praise, but none other now seems to know; but whose spirit guided our Twelfth Day revel in days which you can scarce conceive of, so changed is the world now. Heidegger is gone, Mr. Pope is gone; gone, too, dear Molly Lepell and all I acted with. But of our Heidegger I have seen a busto at Sir John Soane's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and it brought back to me the revel of long ago when his owl eyes and harsh voice guided us girls through that opera of the Odyssey which received the praise of Mr. Pope when such praise was not to be had for the asking.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH ANARCHY AND THE COALITION.—III.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Lexham Gardens,
19 November, 1917.

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers realise the fact that the Home Rule Bill has actually been passed by both Houses of Parliament and has received the Royal Assent. But for a happy circumstance it would now be the law of the land, and Ireland would be ruled by the Sinn Feiners. Although they have not very efficient weapons, they have very efficient votes, and in a Parliament of their own choosing, they would have made short work of all the limitations and conditions contained in the Home Rule Bill as it stands, and would have proceeded to give Ireland a new Constitution and a new Administration very much to our damage.

The happy circumstance I refer to was the raising of thirty thousand Ulster Volunteers, all of them now trained soldiers, who threatened rebellion if the Act was put in force in Ulster. It will be remembered that the Act as it stands contemplates the inclusion of Ulster in the New Ireland, which it was to initiate. When the authors of the Bill (which was forced through Parliament by menace and cajolery) found that the next step in its progress (namely, putting it in force) would have been an armed revolt in Ulster, they very prudently hung it up. After inciting their reptilian Press to besmirch the men of Ulster because of their loyalty to England they (the authors of the Bill) nevertheless declared that they would not be parties to the inclusion of Ulster in it *without the consent of Ulster*. The Nationalists and the priests protested, as I think most sensibly, that they could not consent to a mutilated Ireland, and this for different reasons: the former because they were afraid of Sinn Fein, and the latter because it would greatly embarrass them in working their Church. There the matter stood when the Convention was summoned. Its real, though not its declared, object was to prepare a new Bill to meet the new position, which must be something very different from the Home Rule Bill that had received the King's signature, and would, in fact, entirely supersede it. The appointment of a special Tribunal for this purpose, meant, of course, the death sentence of the Home Rule Bill, and there is no doubt that the ugly thing, the product of forty years of gerrymandering and political rascality, is as dead as Queen Anne.

What is to be done with the corpse? Is it to have a speedy burial or are we to have a long Irish wake at the funeral? Anyway, it cannot be held up for ever. It will remain in the memory, however, as the greatest political imposture that has ever been incubated by the Liberal Party in this country. Still, it has had its uses. It kept that party in power for ever so many years. In this I speak by the book. I remember well discussing the question with Mr. Gladstone long ago when he did me the honour of letting me sit with him sometimes in his room in the House of Commons to talk over "the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture" (in which he refers in a very friendly way to myself), and other now remote issues.

What he said to me was that, in his opinion, the democracy in England was getting so powerful and had so many unsatisfied ambitions that only "the party of progress" could safely govern it, and apart from all other arguments, the securing of a virtually perennial conduct of political affairs by the Radical Party was the only means of preventing revolution or continual friction.

He then went on to say that in view of the still great strength of the Conservatives in the counties the only way to secure anything like a permanent dominance of the Radical Party in the Commons was at all costs to make a close and lasting alliance with the Irish Party both in Ireland and in the English towns where a large colony of Irish voters live.

This, if not a very ideal or heroic attitude, was at least a businesslike one, and it afforded excellent material for Mr. Gladstone's habitual sophistical dexterity in defending his own paradoxes.

The result was that after fighting against Home Rule for many years, supplying the world with a whole arsenal of weapons against it and ending by putting all its leaders in Kilmainham Gaol, he let them out again, made a treaty with them, and accepted their platform in the fullest way.

He was thereupon deserted by his most reputable lieutenants, but with indomitable courage and pertinacity this octogenarian political patriarch, with an unequalled command of oratorical gifts, fought his way again to the Leadership of the House of Commons. In this fight he was joined by some of his younger colleagues, who saw the chance of their lives and did not scruple to seize it. They wasted no time, but jumped at once, and altogether over the rampart into their late enemy's camp and proceeded to worship their new gods whom they had previously damned. The only one of the lot who had previously been a Home Ruler was Lord Morley.

The result of it all was a most unrighteous pact by which Home Rulers and the former Radical anti-Home Rulers agreed to combine. The price paid on each side was a considerable one, if not in gold, in pinchbeck morality. On one side full-blown Home Rule was added to the existing planks of the Radical Party, while on the other the representatives of Irish Catholicism as well as of Irish political aims undertook to vote solid for the Government on all critical occasions, however much the Irish people and their priests were committed by their convictions against certain questions, such as Free Trade and the theories of English political dissenters on education.

This is what I mean when I speak of the politics of the two Home Rule Parties of the last forty years as a policy of rascality, and it was by this rascally policy alone that several measures of a far-reaching character were passed in spite of the opposition of the senior partner in our English State and the majority of the voters of Great Britain.

It is a grim tragedy that the egg laid by the Nationalists more than forty years ago, and carefully incubated during all that time by themselves and their allies, although it has secured some discredited politicians easy seats in Morocco leather, much notoriety if not fame, and satisfactory incomes, has proved to be addled and it is now awaiting its last bourne in a dustbin.

What destroyed it was clearly the attitude of the Ulster men towards it, and it is the same potent force which must inevitably kill all the best-intentioned efforts of the Convention. The Ulster men continue to maintain without the slightest flinching their determination not to accept an Irish Parliament for the northern counties. On that rock they stand now, as they have always stood, and, standing on that rock, *what can the Convention do?* The Government, in order to give it a fillip, promised that they would carry out whatever it proposed, which was not opposed by a substantial section of the Irish people. The ambiguous phrase led to a question being put in the House by Mr. O'Neill. He asked pointedly and categorically if the objection of Ulster would con-

stitute a substantial opposition in the eyes of the Government, and Mr. Bonar Law said emphatically that it would. On the other hand, the majority of the Convention are Home Rulers, and committed to oppose any scheme excluding Ulster. Here, then, is an impassable gulf. I ventured when the scheme was proposed to point out that the conditions of the problem rendered it insoluble unless this particular crux was first settled. All the palaver about the best methods of ruling the new Ireland is mere fatuous humbug, until this fundamental condition has been agreed upon. What is the object of continuing this palaver? It may be that the whole thing is a burlesque pantomime never meant to succeed and only a trick to secure delay, a cowardly and dangerous remedy that settles nothing. In that case we can only urge that matters are too desperate for the exercise of the gifts of that nimble and resourceful waiter on Providence, Mr. Micawber. They are, indeed, pressing on us all with increasing force. Does it not seem to you, Mr. Editor, a shocking thing that, "to create an atmosphere for this barren Convention" (this was the alleged reason), rebels and traitors directly or indirectly responsible for murder and arson are being released from prison in large batches. Not because the official chiefly responsible for it all disapproves of the sentences or of the prison discipline, *but because the criminals themselves do so?* Is that the way to teach public duty and righteousness to the impressionable, excitable, and, in great measure, uneducated Irish peasantry, or to make them understand and respect what ought to be the inexorable attitude of Justice in the presence of crime? If it be both righteous and wise to deal as Mr. Duke is dealing with the verdicts of judges and juries, then for goodness sake let us have a general gaol delivery. Why select these particular criminals for favour while others who play the same histrionic part have the full measure of the law meted out to them? The excuse is made that it is, perhaps, not the Chief Secretary who has been so much responsible as his employers. This very poor and thin excuse would not suggest itself to some men I know. They would not undertake duties compatible only with an intolerable servitude to other men's standards and not their own.

A word, Sir, in conclusion, about the Lord-Lieutenant's speech in the House of Lords on Lord Chaplin's motion. It has pained and aggrieved many serious people, and proves him to be utterly unfit for his post. Why he stayed at Dublin Castle when Mr. Birrell went no one knows. He was exceedingly flippant, and spoke airily of having recently returned from Ireland. Where things were going on quite satisfactorily. What did he mean? It is true there has been no bloodshed during the last few days and no outbreak. No. It is also true that the preparations to meet the danger had no doubt daunted the ill-armed rebels. Was there not, however, every reason for us all to be most anxious? If not, why was the leave of every officer in the United Kingdom stopped for two days? Why were the Irish Fusiliers sent to England and two Scotch regiments sent to Ireland? Why at a time when there is greater pressure daily in Flanders and greater need of more men, should 50,000 troops be kept in Ireland? It is patent that there is no answer to this except that the same fog which has enveloped Dublin Castle is there still, and the same type of inveterate and epicene person is thought good enough to superintend the most difficult community in Europe.

The fact is there is only one remedy for such a state of things as we all know exists at this moment in a large part of Ireland. I mean martial law under a soldier who is not given to hysterics and who will see to it that treasonable drilling, spouting and writing; incitements to crime and pillage and terror, are forcibly stopped, and that meanwhile the policy of meeting armed men with buttered words should cease, and when judges and juries and policemen have courageously done their work and assigned their penalties for crimes, these penalties shall not be rendered void by

being remitted at the bidding of a political official.—
Yours respectfully,

HENRY H. HOWORTH, K.C.I.E.

MR. CASTLE AND HIS CRITIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Castle has appealed to Cæsar. To Cæsar let him go. First, as to general atmosphere. His hero is a young Englishman on a walking tour for pleasure in France with a Foreign Office passport. The period is October, 1815 (p. 167)—that is, while France was still nominally at war with Great Britain, the treaty of peace being only signed on November 20. When he is arrested no one seems to take any notice of this fact, or that France was still in military occupation. The settled life of the Royalist families and the whole surroundings of the story point out a time much later than 1815, much more nearly 1820.

It is true there was a Chouan rising from May 15 to June 4, 1815. But the heroine could have taken no part in it—for (1) she had been six months in her cousin's castle (p. 40), and (2) when she is talking in private with her lover they both speak of "the old days," not a term which can be applied to a period dating back three or four months, while the Chouan trouble of 1814 was a refusal to pay taxes to the Restoration Monarchy. But Mr. Castle's historical researches should have been pushed further. Fouché, for example (p. 175), issues a warrant in October, though he had finally resigned September 17, and this warrant is issued in consequence of the escape of Lavallette, which took place on December 20. An author who takes criticism so badly as Mr. Castle should criticise himself. At least he should "join his flaps."

Yours faithfully,

YOUR REVIEWER.

MARJORIE BOWEN AND HER REVIEWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While thanking you for your kind review of 'The Third Estate,' I should like to point out that my "wicked Marquis" is, despite M. Taine, drawn from life. I have not invented either the character, the main incidents, nor the feminine devotion this man inspired. A great deal has been understated—nothing made "melodramatic" for effect. If your reviewer will read the life of 'The Marquis de Sade,' he will see that my picture is not exaggerated.

Faithfully yours,

MARJORIE BOWEN.

[We have not read the life of the 'Marquis de Sade.' Has "Marjorie Bowen"?—The Reviewer.]

SENECA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I regret to learn from the letter of your correspondent, Mr. J. G. Hall, that the legend connecting Seneca with one of the most striking of ancient portraits is still perpetuated at the entrance to the Reference Room of the Brighton Public Library, though it has been disproved for half a century.

The name was originally given by a Renaissance scholar on the ground of the resemblance of the bust to another in the possession of Cardinal Bernardino Maffei, which has not been seen for centuries, and which, in any case, was an extremely doubtful foundation for any attribution, since the heads on this class of "medallions" are usually quite without authority. To take two points only: The beard in the time of Nero is an impossible anachronism for any but a philosopher; and some, indeed many, of the replicas belong to pre-Imperial times.

The Hellenistic character of the work is now universally recognised, but debate has run high on the character of the subject, some archaeologists declaring for a philosopher, others, on the strength of the poetic ivy wreath worn by the example in the National Museum

at Rome, for a poet. The discovery in 1903 of a replica in the Odeum at Carthage, where the portrait of a philosopher would have been out of place, has settled the matter in favour of the poet, and an additional argument will be found in my little book on Greek and Roman portraits, to be published after the war.

It is not a little curious that of the thirty-six odd replicas of undoubted antiquity not one should bear a name. One reason may be that by far the larger number are heads, not busts, and therefore have no place for an inscription. The identity of the person represented is therefore still in doubt, but the evidence permits us to state (1) that he was a poet; (2) that the work is not a portrait from life, but an ideal creation—like the Alexandrian Homer, so that the sculptor had a free hand in dealing with the type; (3) that the work was extraordinarily popular in antiquity; (4) that the original was a statue, not a head only.

Direct evidence is not forthcoming, but I am inclined to think that Hesiod, the peasant poet, who sang of his own sufferings, is a possible, and even probable, attribution. The head is an admirable work of art, parallel with and at least as great a creation as the Homer; and, though portraits of Hesiod were popular in antiquity, none (save a mosaic) has yet been identified. The attribution has at least more to be said for it than either Callimachus, Archilochus, Philemon, Hipponax or (save the mark!) Theocritus, each of whom has been suggested as a candidate for the honours of this bust of tragedy incarnate.

Have English archaeologists observed—German have not—that a good example of the type is among the art treasures of Sir Endymion Porter, in his portrait by William Dobson in the National Portrait Gallery?

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

KATHARINE A. ESDAILE.

Keynes, Austenway, Gerrard's Cross,

Nov. 20, 1917.

THE ART OF LIFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The writer of the article on "The Art of Life" is at variance with some of the profoundest thinkers who have appeared on this planet. To take the most obvious example—Plato. The aim of his dialogues is to show as clearly and as gently as possible that there is a real science and a real art of life; in other words, that there is a code of rules for the conduct of life by which the individual and the State can attain the highest good possible for each generation. This is only possible by formulating "a set of rules capable of general application," the feasibility of which the writer totally denies, on what grounds he does not pretend to explain. The position he appears to take up is that of anarchy pure and simple, a mental phase which is fond of airing itself on this earth just now with disastrous consequences.

So far from there being no art of life, the mischief is that the human mind is so very slow in starting to learn the rudiments of the greatest of all arts. One might just as well argue that there is no art of statesmanship because very few have ever attained the high level of political wisdom, or that there is no art of strategy because very few commanders have displayed it to an eminent degree. On the contrary, all who have thought things out come to the same conclusion: that there are definite principles governing human life, the observance of which by the individual leads to health, wisdom and insight, while non-observance entails folly, disease and stupidity. This is the underlying principle of Plato, the Proverbs, and the teaching of Pythagoras, not to mention other thinkers in ancient and modern times.

At a time when liberty has degenerated into licence and intellectual chaos, which has already been dearly paid for by the human race, it is absolutely necessary to take our bearings quickly and ascertain where we are drifting, for the Latin saying, *Res nolunt diu male*

administrari, always has been and will be true in all things. How apposite it is to-day, we have only to look around to see.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

"THE PLAIN MAN'S PUZZLE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are matters that puzzle the plain man other than those already set forth, and one is our relation to the Turks, if the views of your contributor are to be accepted. One regards them as the allies of Germany, and supposes that the campaign in Palestine is, in some way, to defend our position in Egypt, and, in Mesopotamia, has something to do with frustrating Germany's designs in India. This may be an ignorant view, for why should we be trying to drive the Turk out of these regions for the sake of restoring his misrule after the war? If we are to trust the testimony of some who write with an equal appearance of knowledge, countries do not flourish under Turkish rule. The calm reference to the extermination of the Armenians is rather a shock to anyone who has read with horror of the methods.

F. H.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is admitted on all hands that the success of any educational reform depends ultimately upon the teachers. We must have the right type of teachers; and they must be adequate in number; and, as we are recognising more and more, they must have received an efficient training for their work. Heroic measures may be necessary in order to obtain a sufficient supply of teachers, but meanwhile there is one urgent administrative reform which could be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty.

At present the Board of Education and the Local Education Authorities, aided by private effort, have faced, though they have not solved, the problem of training teachers for our elementary schools. But the necessity for training teachers for secondary schools and for the continuation and nursery schools, which we hope to see established in large numbers, has not been generally realised by our educational administrators. The present position is therefore far from satisfactory.

A training for work in secondary schools can be obtained at our universities and at certain secondary training colleges for women. But whereas a student preparing to teach in an elementary school receives a comparatively liberal grant from the Board of Education, a secondary student has to obtain his training wholly at his own expense. Moreover, the grants payable to the universities and training colleges on account of secondary students are quite inadequate, and the colleges are in danger of extinction. So far as intending teachers at the universities are concerned, a large proportion of the students in training enter under the Board's regulations for the training of teachers for elementary schools; but after receiving the Board's grants and taking a course specifically designed for elementary teachers, they then take posts in secondary schools for work in which they have not been trained.

Opportunities for training for work in continuation schools are, I believe, non-existent, apart from courses of evening lectures, which are held in one or two localities. For nursery school teachers two small colleges have recently been established.

It is clearly time that the Board of Education faced the problem of training as a whole. The strict demarcation between training for elementary and for secondary schools has broken down in practice and is contrary to the best interests of the teaching profession. The work of teaching is essentially the same in whatever type of school it is carried on.

It therefore seems desirable that the Board should accord equal recognition to the training given for various types of schools, placing, e.g., the grants for primary and for secondary students upon an identical footing. There should be one or more general schemes

of training differentiated according to the type of school for which students were intended.

This general policy has the support of important educational authorities, and it is one which might be adopted without delay. Ultimately, we may hope, the training of the future members of the teaching profession will be in the hands of the profession itself, but the present position is critical, the supply of trained teachers is becoming more and more inadequate, and the line of action outlined would do something to relieve the situation.

I am, etc.,

H. BOMPAS SMITH.

The University, Manchester.

FEMALE DRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I suggest that your correspondent, "W. H. J.," weakens his valuable suggestion of economy in dress by using an illogical argument? For why should women be "allowed" (we note the verb!) to spend money recklessly on clothes *because*, as he quotes, "the drapers keep the papers"? Nor do we think it likely to stimulate womanly patriotism to compare them to the German Hausfrau, who works heel-less at the behest of the "Imperial German Clothing Department"! Women's fashions are evolved by the male, not the female, mind: and the smart woman is essentially the product of her masculine compeer.

Yours obediently,

TERESA FAITH BISHOP.

Hillcote, Newcastle-under-Lyme,
Nov. 18, 1917.

"THE SOPHISTRY OF A SAXON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

A.Q.M.G.'s Office, Headquarters,
Aldershot Command, Aldershot,
12 November 1917.

SIR,—Perhaps I am wasting my time and your more valuable space in noticing the letter that appeared in your issue of the 10th instant signed "A Believer in England," but, to contradict the impression that "Scottish patriotism requires to be handsomely rewarded" that may (although I should be surprised if it had) have influenced some minds to think semi-insularly, I venture to labour a point that is self-evident.

One has only to turn to the matter of Parliamentary Representation to find that with 72 members as against 465 English members, Scotland has had to rely for justice in her domestic legislation on the honesty and integrity of the representatives of the English constituencies, a trust, I hasten to add, she has not found misplaced.

If "A Believer in England" is desirous of assisting the Empire he is so anxious to save, perhaps he might turn his attention to retrieving Ireland to the old flag, instead of attempting to alienate the mother-country of such public servants as Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. CHRISTIAN MELLOR.

REVIEWS.

THE JOURNALIST STATESMAN.

Recollections. By John Viscount Morley. Two vols. Macmillan and Co. 25s. net.

When a statesman, who has lived for thirty years in the ferment and the favour of the world, publishes his own autobiography, he makes the same experiment as the first Lord Brougham, who pulled down his blinds in Grafton-street and sent word to the *Times* that he was dead. Lord Morley has chosen to read his obituary notices, and we make no apology for treating him in his old age with the freedom of history.

John Morley is the only professional journalist who has climbed into the Cabinet and the House of Lords. The career of the journalist Minister has been common enough in France since 1870, and probably will become so in this country under King Demos. Burke, though

he wrote the 'Annual Register' for some years, cannot be called a journalist—the profession did not exist then—besides, he never was admitted to the Cabinet. Disraeli, though he wrote much in the Press, was never a journalist, for he was never paid, nor wrote to order. When Morley came to London from Oxford in 1860, being of "the political temper," he had little choice of a profession, he tells us, but journalism. He was soon appointed "reader" to the Messrs. Macmillan, and he wrote for the *Saturday Review*, "the most important weekly journal of the time," he and Leslie Stephen being found so useful as to receive a special retaining fee! To us one of the most interesting passages in these volumes is the following:—"Another contributor was the important man who became Lord Salisbury. He and I were alone together in the editorial ante-room every Tuesday morning, awaiting our commissions, but he, too, had a talent for silence, and we exchanged no words, either now or on any future occasion, though, as it happened, we often found something to say in public about each other's opinions and reasons in days to come." In 1867 Morley became the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, which he made the organ of the Freethinking Liberals and Comtists during the fifteen years of his reign. In 1882 he became the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, being assisted by W. T. Stead, and Lord Milner, then fresh from New College. In 1883 he was returned to Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in 1886 he was chosen by Gladstone as Chief Secretary for Ireland, with a seat in the Cabinet, which only lived five months. Why Gladstone chose Morley, an avowed Agnostic and advanced Radical, who had only been in the House of Commons three years, to be his right-hand man, at the crisis of his career, has always puzzled us. The choice certainly contributed to Gladstone's defeat, for the older Whigs must have disliked it intensely; even Chamberlain, his friend, was visibly annoyed; and the Nonconformists in the country must have been aghast. Was Gladstone so angered by the defection of Hartington and Goschen that in revenge he chose a man from the extreme Left? Probably yes, to some extent. But there was another reason. We have observed that Atheistic or Agnostic opinions, provided they be held by a person of ascetic habits, have a strange fascination for deeply religious people. It was so with Lord Acton: it was so, we think, with Gladstone. It is a *βουλμία*, a morbid taste.

From 1886 onwards, Lord Morley's political career is familiar to all of us; and the daily and evening papers have gutted these two volumes so completely that we are spared the trouble of selecting samples for our readers. There are many Clarendon portraits of his eminent contemporaries, of Parnell, Mr. Balfour, Harcourt, Chamberlain, Campbell Bannerman, Lord Rosebery, and one of a then rising youngster, Mr. Winston Churchill. Only now and then is there a nasty scratch of the reminiscent pen, as when we read of Harcourt, "His conversion to the new Irish policy in 1886 had been as rapid as the conversion of other people; his adhesion to it in the Cabinet had been undisguisedly chilling." Mr. Balfour, in his most sarcastic vein, could have said nothing keener. The account of the Ministerial crisis in 1894, when Gladstone, having lost his second Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords, found himself deserted by his Cabinet on the Naval Estimates, is the best thing in these volumes. It was indeed time that Gladstone, at the age of 85, having twice led his party to disaster, should have been gently pushed off the stage to Armitstead and backgammon. If Lord Rosebery had had the courage to stick to his "predominant partner" speech in the Lords, the history of Britain would have been different. "I blurted it out," said Lord Rosebery apologetically to Chief Secretary Morley the next day. "'For heaven's sake,' I said, 'blurt out what you please about any country in the whole world, civil or barbarous, except Ireland. Irish affairs are the very last field for that practice.' R.: 'You know that you and I have agreed a hundred times that until England agrees, H. R. will never pass.' J. M.: 'That may be true. The substance of your declaration may be as sound as you please, but not to be said at this delicate moment.'" Quite so. That is

Lord Morley's and the Liberal Party's policy in a nutshell. The moment is always delicate: the truth is never to be spoken about Ireland, so long as there are 80 Nationalist members of Parliament.

In 1906 Mr. Morley became Secretary of State for India, and passed the next four years in placing a Native Member on the Viceroy's Council, in imploring Lord Minto to deal gently with agitators and rebels, and in sneering at "the hot-headed, high-handed folk, full of alarms and swagger, and clamour for more force," by whom he meant the governing class in India. In 1911 it fell to Lord Morley, as Leader of the House of Lords, to read to that body its death-warrant, signed by King George V., surely as fateful and as incomprehensible an act of the sign manual as the warrant for Strafford's execution. Upon the conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget of 1909 and passing the Parliament Act of 1911, Lord Morley says, shrewdly enough, that the Unionist leaders, Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, passed from one blunder to another. If the House of Lords had passed the Finance Act of 1909, and "sat tight" whilst the Liberals were stewing in their own financial juice, a general election in 1911 or 1912 might have restored the Unionists to power. But Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne were persuaded by the Tariff Reformers to appeal to the country on finance!

Lord Morley's style as writer and speaker has the merits of clearness, point and logic. It is so plain as to be, if not bald, certainly cold, and it is unrelieved by wit or humour. In the mid-Victorian era it required great courage in a public man to avow himself a disbeliever in religious creeds. John Morley showed equal bravery in dealing with what in those days seemed the exorbitant demands of the Trade Unions, such as an eight-hours day, which he refused to vote for. He never would regard himself as a delegate, to vote according to order, and he valorously and effectively championed the cause of personal liberty against the tyranny of the State. But he had the defects of his qualities. He so loved liberty that he regarded all authority, spiritual and temporal, as its infringement. We for our part agree with Johnson that subordination is the first requisite of a civilised society. We emphatically dissent from Lord Morley's statement that your law-and-order people have been responsible for as many crimes and follies in history as your revolutionaries. As editor and author, Lord Morley did as much as any man of the last century to dissolve spiritual authority, which has gone. As Chief Secretary in Ireland and Secretary of State for India he did what in him lay to undermine executive authority, which is going. As upholders of both kinds of authority we regard Lord Morley's moral and political influence as the most mischievous of the last half-century.

DEEP LEVEL LITERATURE.

A History of the French Novel. By George Saintsbury, D. Litt., late Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. I. From the beginning to 1800. Macmillan, 18s. net.

WHEN Sir Charles Dilke sent Lord Beaconsfield his grandfather's 'Papers of a Critic,' the great man wrote with, one feels sure, a sincerity not as invariable as his courtesy, "Belles lettres are now extremely rare, but I must confess very refreshing." Professor Saintsbury would perhaps have a legitimate grievance if the results of such admirable learning and industry were described as "belles lettres." His works have none of the skin-deep attractions of the lighter school, but their merits go down to the bone. In an age when reviewing is hardly distinguishable from advertisement one cannot be too grateful to a writer who has essayed with no inconsiderable success to make all literature his province.

Challenged by the title one may be inclined to question, whether the novel, in the strict sense, has any history at all. The art of novel writing, like every other art, is the triumph of individualism. As a great

French writer once said, a novel is merely a corner of life seen through a temperament. Professor Saintsbury meets this point by confession and avoidance, and his answer is certainly an adroit one. In dealing with the 17th century novel he writes:

"It is one of the not very numerous safe generalisations or inductions which may be picked out from the wide and treacherous syrtes of the history of literature that it is not as a rule from 'classes' that the best work comes."

We are shown that tested by such specimens of the Greek epic as survive, Homer is not merely greater but essentially different.

"So Dante stands in no class at all, nor does Milton, nor does Shelley, though Shakespeare indulgently permits himself to be classed as an Elizabethan dramatist. What strikes true critics most is again hardly more his betterness than his difference."

Still he contends that, while idiosyncrasy is the inseparable accident of all great literature, it also exists where literature is not exactly great, and that this idiosyncrasy of the second class "calls to and calls into existence yet more abysses of its own kind or not kind." In effect, such minor works as for instance the *Francion* of Charles Sorel, the *Roman Comique* of Paul Scarron, the *Roman Bourgeois* of Antoine Furetière, the *Voyages of Cyrano de Bergerac*, and the *Fairy Tales* of Anthony Hamilton, may have more influence on general literature than Rabelais himself.

His theory of the novel is the Darwinian one of the development of species, with the masterpieces left out. They are treated as distinct and unvarying. It is an ingenious contention and certainly explains their survival. They do not survive so much because they are immortal as that they are immortal because they survive.

The Professor tells us he believes in beginning at the beginning, and, rejecting the theory of classical origin, he traces the pedigree of the French novel back to the "Lives of the Saints."

It is said to be a wise child that knows its own father, but one cannot help feeling that within the limits of the present volume their literary lineage would rather have surprised Crébillon fils and the author of 'La Pucelle.' Their feelings would have been rather those of a new Liberal peer when he gets his coat of arms from the Herald's Office. Still this thesis is worked out with great spirit and erudition.

The saintly Lives, mellowed by "Chansons de Geste" (for metrical stories are prayed in aid) and "Romans d'Aventure" develop from the Arthurian legends of Chretien de Troyes, and the semi-classical stories of Parthenopeus of Blois into the prose novelettes of the 13th century. Then by way of the allegory in verse such as the "Roman de Rose" and prose stories like the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" we reach the great figure of Rabelais himself, whom our author boldly acclaims as the first great novelist.

Perhaps this is why he attaches so much importance to his "story" and his "readableness." Would he not have been on surer ground if he had hailed him as the first of the realists? Until Rabelais, the various efforts in the direction of what ultimately became the novel as we know it, had never got much beyond a sort of fairy tale for those of riper years. Rabelais introduced us to reality. It may seem a paradox to claim the creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel as a realist; but while he keeps to the fantastic forms of mediæval legend and romance, he was the first to use them as a means of discussing and illuminating the facts of life as they struck him. Grotesque as his creatures externally are, they live and push behind the scenes for ever the wooden conventions of knight errantry and fairyland. Surely the story only interests the reader inasmuch as it develops the characters and exercises the writer's humour. His very extravagance shows that he only regards that background of his work as an inevitable concession he excuses by burlesque.

We are glad to see the Professor makes short work of what he calls the "key mongerers" and is content to give us Rabelais as he was, the great humorist,

kindly and essentially human. This is the secret of his popularity—he was an anti-humbbug fellow. In a world of prigs and pedants the average sensual man feels that he has in Rabelais a friend at court, and not merely a friend but an active ally. So when a fresh attack opens, he follows the admirable example of Archdeacon Grantley and shuts himself into his study with what he regards as a sort of bon vivant's progress.

The 'Heptameron' of the Queen of Navarre hardly receives its due. To follow so famous a model and hold its own was no light matter. At the best it is little if at all inferior to the 'Decameron,' and its historical value is incalculable. No book better reveals the spirit of the Renaissance. It seems a trifle ungenerous to belittle Queen Marguerite's collaboration; royal authors are scarce, and one would wish to be spared one of the few successful ones. After all it was almost the only age of intelligent women.

So sound a critic could be trusted to do full justice to 'Gil Blas.' Indeed, he puts it with 'Manon Lescaut' among the greatest novels in the world. Its influence crossed the Channel and showed the way to such masters as Fielding and Smollett, and one would have added Defoe if he had not independently arrived first; Le Sage was the earliest Frenchman to give us the ordinary man, if still in an atmosphere of adventure. It was left to Marmontel to show him in his ordinary environment.

Is it quite fair to object to Voltaire's humour as mischievous and impish? After all, he was a cynic or nothing. The immortal joke about the admiral is criticised, because it did "encourage the others," which surely, if anything, adds to its force, but a sense of humour is not Professor Saintsbury's long suit; and, at any rate, Candide is appreciated "as beyond praise or pay" the work of a "tale-teller born", a side of its author's genius that has not as a rule been sufficiently recognised.

As a novel writer, as distinct from a story teller, Rousseau is placed higher. That "the Confessions, if they were not an autobiography, would be one of the greatest novels in the world" is one of the shrewdest judgments in a remarkable book. While doing justice to Rousseau's mastery of passion and pathos, it is conceded that "Emile" and "Julie" are on occasion tiresome. "Of what is sometimes called the dramatic faculty . . . Rousseau had nothing. He could put himself in no other man's skin, being so absolutely wrapped up in his own, which was itself much too sensitive to be disturbed, much less shed," is admirably put. One wishes Professor Saintsbury would always write as well. One must not be unreasonable, but, while duly grateful, to the Professor's industry and learning, one cannot help regretting his unfortunate style. The allusive method is an agreeable one, especially in a book about books, but the Professor's allusiveness is a trifle over-powering. He seems incapable of making the simplest statement without putting it as a quotation from somewhere else. Even if Lady Kew did say "this is very satisfactory," that fact does not add any point to the words used in approval of a passage written a century or two before. It ought surely to be possible to point out that an incident is natural without putting "human nature" in brackets and dragging in Marryat's waterman from 'Jacob Faithful,' as is done to our repeated sorrow on no less than two occasions. The elder Mr. Weller was, no doubt, the "most sagacious of men," so much so that we feel he would resent being called from his grave to emphasise the fact that even in early French romance heroes are not usually killed in the first volume. Could there be a more distressing way of recording the versatility of Rabelais than describing the book "as Cleopatresque in its absolute freedom from staleness and from tedium"? The author cannot even use the word "passerelle" without reminding us in a footnote it was the French title of 'The Marriage of Kitty.'

Then he has a singular liking for such repulsive words as continuator and sequelist, and is actually and admittedly proud of having invented "Rhyparography." It is curious that one who has written so much should have so little sense of the rhythm of prose.

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In writing of the Greek romancers he says, with regard to the heroine:—

"They did not succeed in giving her much character. The naughty not heroine of Achilles Tatius, though she had less than none in Mr. Pope's supposed innuendo sense, alone has an approach to some in the other."

This is not an unfair specimen of his prose style. With the following masterpiece of confused and allusive cacophony infinite pains must have been taken. "As for the accomplished Guinevere's probable contemporary, the Ismene or Hysmine of Eustatius Macrembolites, she is a sort of Greek mediæval Henrietta Temple, with Mr. Meredith and Mr. Disraeli by turns holding the pen with neither of them supplying the brains." Such discord is not in the nature of words. Nor does the book require the facetious relief of calling a three-volume novel "the dear defunct," or describing an old story as "one of those which Eve told to her children in virtue of the knowledge communicated by the apple, one with which the sons of God courted the daughters of men, or at latest one of those that was yarned in the ark." But no one would read Professor Saintsbury for his style any more than one would read Richardson for his story. Whatever one may think of the manner the matter is beyond praise. Every student of literature will find in this book a mine of interest and information, and, deep level though it be, perhaps for that reason the fuller of promise for the future.

DOMESTIC WORRIES.

The Labour Saving House. By Mrs. C. S. Peel.
John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

FEW physicians are more exasperating than those who prescribe impossible remedies. "Run down, my dear sir; why, of course, you are! A trip to Monte Carlo for a month is what *you* want!" This to a man who cannot leave London, and whose income is only just sufficient to take his family to Eastbourne for six weeks in the summer. Or to an elderly spinster of modest means and suffering from anæmia: "Why, dear lady, what *you* want is long motor drives, and a garden to walk in!" Mrs. C. S. Peel, though she is the apostle of economy, is quite as annoying in her way, for most of her remedies assume that we can rebuild our London houses. White-tiled basements, or, better still, no basements! Mrs. Peel ought to know that houses have basements in towns because land is valuable, every square inch of it. But she is right in saying that houses ought not to have basements, which are generally dark, badly ventilated, and therefore unhealthy.

On one or two points Mrs. Peel seems to us to be on the right track. The question of domestic service has become one of very serious difficulty, and grows worse as the war goes on. It is the mistress, not the servant, who has to furnish the registry office with a character. As the servants are fed and lodged, there is no reason for the enormous rise of wages, except the incontrovertible economic fact that the demand exceeds the supply. It certainly is hard that wages and the cost of food should rise together. Whether this state of things will continue after the war, no one can tell. If it does, then England will be like Canada, and the United States, and Australia, a place where only millionaires and handworkers will be comfortable. But we are convinced that the solution of the servant question lies in the adoption of the American plan of day-servants, supplied by a company, or procured by private contract, to come and do certain work, and then depart. If what these young women want is their evenings free, let them go out, but let them stay out, and not come back to disturb our homes. Why should we provide them with bedrooms and supper? Let cash be the only nexus between ourselves and the "sweepers" provided by "My Housemaid, Limited."

There is another good suggestion made by Mrs. Peel, that the companies should supply us with hot water as they now supply us with cold. This would get rid of a great deal of trouble about the kitchen-

range and hot baths. It is open to the objection that we should be at the mercy of a public corporation for our ablutions; and that, if its employees should strike, we might have to go unwashed and unshaved about our daily task. In Paris and Vienna to-day hot water is only obtainable in hotels and flats once a week. Still, every arrangement has its risks, and we think hot pipes as well as cold from the Metropolitan Water Board is a good idea.

This book is not to us pleasant reading. Gas fires and linoleum carpets, ugh! The squalor of it! Must all our nice houses be reduced to the desolating bareness and ugliness and vulgarity of a boarding-house? Must we descend to these base uses because our Radical rulers were so intent on ruining the landlords and bribing Irish Nationalists that they left us unprepared for the Hun? It looks like it. These gas fires and linoleum carpets are our punishment for tolerating a Radical Government for the last ten years: it is a heavy penalty.

A GREAT RUSSIAN.

Turgenev: A Study. By Edward Garnett. With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad. Collins. 6s. net.

THE present is so vital in its tragic intensity, life is so absorbing in its close intercourse with death, that the past, even of ten years ago, appears immeasurably remote and empty. Better one cheering message from the front than a library of masterpieces. If we honour the classics as aforetime, we neglect them none the less to devote our leisure to the newspapers.

Yet this volume from the pen of Mr. Edward Garnett comes opportunely, for we cannot afford to neglect Turgenev. We stand in need of the clear, searching light that he throws on Russian life and character, if we would understand a point of view that differs widely from our own. The models, from which Turgenev drew, have passed away, but not the traits with which they were endowed. The seeds of revolution sown in his life-time have brought forth shoots that are choked by tares, but let no man despair of the ultimate harvest.

His were the days of transition from passive to active Nihilism, and transition is still the key-note of Russian politics. Bureaucrats, Revolutionaries, peasants, mondaines, professors and idlers, felt in turn the sting of his irony. His dispassionate and non-polemical standpoint was resented in Russia, where the novel has been accepted as a serious contribution to current thought, hitherto the chief, if not the only medium by which a man may express his philosophy of life, his political views and ethical aspirations. But so entirely national a writer, one in whom the love of his country rose as a perpetual spring of pure emotion and fount of beauty in thought and word, could not fail to win the affections of his fellow-countrymen. Turgenev, who had alienated the Revolutionaries by his moderation, and had braved the displeasure of the Government by his crusade against serfdom and the tyranny of landlords, and by his fearless tribute to the greatness of Gogol, was followed to the grave and honoured in death by 100,000 people gathered together from all parts of Russia.

In France, where his best years were spent, he was more read and admired than any other foreign writer. De Vogüé, Mérimée and Renan each sang his praise with generous warmth. In particular the valedictory oration of Renan was a noble tribute from one man of genius to another. If in these latter days his vogue has suffered some eclipse, he is still probably the most popular of the group of great Russian novelists to which he belongs. In England he is appreciated by a large number of those who love literature as a fine art, but the melancholy that pervades so many of his exquisite tales, the rarity of the "happy ending," are fatal bars to wide-spread popularity among a reading public which looks to the novelist to provide an agreeable distraction from the daily round, and likes its psychology in tabloid form masked with insipid sweetness.

Turgenev is tender-hearted towards all women. He deals gently even with those who, like Irene in 'Smoke,' menace the honour and mar the lives of the

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men to whom they are irresistible, but when he pictures the pure love of a good woman, such as Lisa in a 'House of Gentlefolk,' we come face to face with his spiritual ideals. Lavretsky in church, looking at Lisa, murmurs under his breath, "You brought me here. Touch me. Touch my soul." These simple words, drawn as it were unconsciously from the depths of a man's heart, touch also the soul of the reader. By many 'A House of Gentlefolk' is held to be Turgenev's most perfect production. When nine years later, he published 'Smoke,' his attitude towards love and life had undergone a marked change. Disenchantment reveals itself in his whole outlook. He has no patience with the inflated rhetoric of the Slavophil party. His conceptions of womanhood do not rise above Tatiana on the one hand and Irene on the other. Love, patriotism, science and art, of what substance are they but smoke? Smoke blown before the wind, soon to vanish from the world and leave no trace. This novel, which many critics have acclaimed as a masterpiece, shares with 'The Torrents of Spring' the sadness of Turgenev's maturity. In each, the descriptions of nature are remarkable for beauty of diction. But his greatest contribution to literature was of stronger stuff. The publication of 'Fathers and Children' in 1862 was an event in the history of thought. This novel immediately raised a storm of controversy. Young Russia was offended by the realistic portrait of the Nihilist Bazarov. The old Order, while ironically congratulating the author on his candour, accused him of licking the dust at the feet of his "favourite child." Bazarov marks the dividing line between the religion of yesterday—Faith; and the religion of to-day and to-morrow—Science. With that strange, undisciplined personality Turgenev declared himself to be in almost perfect sympathy. He was confused and saddened by the reception of his hero. "A shadow has fallen on my name. I don't deceive myself. I know that shadow will remain."

Outside Russia, however, 'Fathers and Children' has been hailed as the most powerful of Turgenev's works. Its epic force compels admiration from those to whom Russian politics are a matter of comparative indifference, but who recognise the vital truth of the characterisation.

That rare gift of Turgenev's of making his men and women one with their surroundings, and conveying a sense of unity between the living being and the landscape in which he moves, is largely responsible for the atmosphere of reality he never fails to create. Rain, wind and sunshine, too, play their part, and affect those subjected to their influence just as they do in actual daily life. Stage effects seldom intervene, but the stream of life flows on in a sequence of events which appear inevitable and to have been ordained from the beginning of time. This is indeed art in its most perfect form, art which justifies the eulogies of Mr. Joseph Conrad in his eloquent foreword. Compared with the deep insight and the synthetic vision of this great student of men, what pinchbeck is the average English novel! Why, then, are his readers in this country, though fit, so few? Why does his fame amongst us rest almost entirely on the 'Sportsman's Tales,' leaving out of account his more significant achievements? It is largely owing, we believe, to the difficulty with which the English reader enters an atmosphere of thought and feeling to which he is an absolute stranger. These sensitive, irresolute men, these maidens who embrace self-sacrifice as though it were the crowning of their heart's desire, these pessimists and enthusiasts, these pathetic peasants, these enchantresses who "corrupt others, but remain uncorrupted," are of a world that is in almost every detail alien to our own. Yet we must set ourselves to understand it. Altruism and self-interest alike impose this effort upon us. It is a problem in psychology that few can aid us to solve so well as Turgenev.

In this connection we can hardly over-estimate the extent of our debt to Mr. and Mrs. Garnett. By their joint endeavours Turgenev has been presented to us by "a translator who has missed none of the most delicate, most simple beauties of his work, and a critic

who has known how to analyse and point out its high qualities with perfect sympathy and insight." This is high praise, but it will be generally endorsed by those who have read the translations which we owe to the pen of Mrs. Constance Garnett and the prefaces of her husband. If in this study, in which various prefatory notes are incorporated with fresh material, the critic is somewhat lost in the devotee, it is a frame of mind which at least commands our sympathy.

ACCORDING TO MIRIAM.

Honeycomb. By Dorothy M. Richardson. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

'HONEYCOMB' leaves us with much the same feeling as a Futurist picture. It is a record of Miriam Henderson's mental impressions rather than a consecutive story, and its incoherent hieroglyphics fail to convey any satisfactory image of the things they are describing. Life seen through Miriam's eyes presents only one reality—Miriam herself. Her morbid and self-conscious mind is the only living thing in the book. Reflected in its distorted mirror the other characters bear as little resemblance to flesh and blood as a Cubist portrait. Miriam, a heroine who has already had two volumes devoted to her earlier phases, is the newest of suburban neurotics. In 'Honeycomb' she becomes governess to the Corries, wealthy people who, according to Miriam, are in Society. No doubt they deserve her withering condemnation, but we cannot think that their slang, their vulgar inanities, and their still more vulgar friends, express the environment of the average King's Counsel. Nor is restaurant luxury to be confused with cultured ease. Despite a fevered description of details which to Miriam stand for symbols, the Corries seem to belong nowhere and to stand for nothing. And the people in Miriam's own suburban world are no more substantial. Her sisters and her nerve-ridden mother are mere pegs on which to hang her introspections. The brothers-in-law are allowed no identity at all.

Miss Richardson is not without talent, but it is the talent of neurasthenia. She will never attain to real art until she gets more sense of perspective and proportion. She must learn that contrariety is not revelation, and that health is as essential to literature as to life. Then she can do justice to her considerable gifts.

THE CITY.

The remarkably steady and sound progress recorded by the Burmah Oil Company provides a striking illustration of the fact that, given a good oilfield, honest and expert management, and careful finance, even the highly speculative business of oil production may be transformed into a fine industrial investment. The £1 shares of the Burmah Oil Company are now quoted at the record price of 7, but it can be demonstrated that they are by no means overvalued at that level. The company was registered in its present form in 1902, and the character of the progress recorded may be judged from the following survey of profits and dividends, the figures being the net trading profit, including interest, after deducting all depreciation except that, on refineries:—

	Trading profit.	Dividend (tax free) per cent.
1902	£220,118	... 15
1903	322,151	... 15
1904	381,833	... 15
1905	316,884	... 10
1906	567,565	... 20
1907	759,082	... 30
1908	759,358	... 30
1909	710,708	... 30
1910	713,339	... 20
1911	510,575	... 15
1912	835,262	... 20
1913	1,004,559	... 27½
1914	1,020,613	... 27½
1915	991,702	... 27½
1916	1,531,686	... 30

The reduction of the dividend for 1910 from 30 to 20 per cent. was merely the result of the increase of

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capital, the sum of £635,000 having been taken from reserves and distributed to shareholders as a bonus in the ratio of one new share for every two held. In the following year the decrease in profits was caused by the universal oil war. Since that date (1911) the profits have trebled, the small set-back marked in 1915 being explained by larger sums than usual being allocated to depreciation. It will be noted that last year the dividend was once more established on the 30 per cent. basis which had ruled for the three years 1907 to 1909, when the directors decided to capitalise part of the reserve fund in the form of a bonus for shareholders. It is interesting, therefore, to compare the financial position as it was at the close of the year 1909 with that shown in the last balance-sheet dated December, 1916. While the dividends have increased, the directors have regularly placed large sums to reserve and depreciation, at the same time systematically writing off all fields expenditure out of profits. The two balance-sheets are summarised below:—

		LIABILITIES.	
		Dec., 1916.	Dec., 1909.
Capital issued	...	£2,905,000	£2,270,000
Debentures	...	—	280,000
Deb. redemption account	...	—	120,000
Reserves	...	2,000,686	1,164,938
Creditors	...	747,256	288,018
Profit balance, less interim dividends	...	839,015	445,002
Total	...	£6,491,957	£4,567,958
		ASSETS.	
Refineries, wells, pipe lines, tankers, etc.,	...	£1,617,758	£2,747,482
Stocks and stores at cost or under	...	1,551,469	833,773
Investments, loans, cash, etc.	...	2,445,762	606,865
Debtors	...	876,968	379,838
Total	...	£6,491,957	£4,567,958

These figures show at a glance the great improvement achieved in the last six years. The debentures have been entirely paid off, the reserves have increased by £835,748, although £635,000 of them has been capitalised; the fixed assets (refineries, wells, etc.) have been written down to the extent of £1,129,724, although large sums have meanwhile been expended on them out of profits; and the liquid assets (stocks, stores, investments, loans, and cash) have increased by £2,556,593. These liquid assets at December last exceeded the capital by £1,092,231, whereas in 1906 the capital and debentures exceeded the liquid assets by £1,109,362.

From this comparison it may be argued that if it was good policy for the board to capitalise part of the reserves in 1910, there is all the more reason why they should be disposed to repeat that procedure now, and issue a fresh bonus in shares to the shareholders. Whether they do so or not, the financial position would justify such action, and on that basis the present price of the shares cannot be considered too high. The dividend of 30 per cent., tax paid, is equivalent to 40 per cent., subject to income tax at 5s. in the £, and represents a yield of £5 14s. 3d. subject to tax. This yield would be somewhat inadequate in present circumstances were it not for the probability of a bonus sooner or later.

This survey would be incomplete without a brief reference to the company's interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, consisting of 99,000 preference shares and 949,864 ordinary shares. In the latter concern, which is also making rapid progress, the British Government holds 2,000,000 ordinary shares and a large block of debentures.

The Anglo-Persian Co. has now declared its first dividend of 6 per cent. on the ordinary capital, together with an extra dividend of 2 per cent. on preference shares, making a total of 8 per cent. on the latter for the year to March last. This is a gratifying confirmation of the confidence previously expressed in this column in the progress and prospects of the Anglo-Persian venture.

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Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Red Cross Society, recently wrote in the 'Times':—

'It is almost invidious to mention any names when all are doing so splendidly, but perhaps I may acknowledge especially the good work of the Salvation Army Cars.

'We value very highly, not only their cars, but also the men who are sent with them, who have a marked influence for good upon all with whom they come in contact.'

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TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES, LTD.

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS.

AFTER WAR FACILITIES.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of this Company was held at Manchester on the 22nd inst. Mr. Marshall Stevens, the Chairman, presided, supported by Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., Mr. Henry McNiel, Mr. Thomas G. Mellors, and Mr. Herbert H. Twining, directors.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, first referred to the loss sustained by the deaths of Sir Walter Royse and Sir Joseph Lyons, whose places on the Board had been filled by Mr. T. G. Mellors and Mr. H. H. Twining.

The dividend of 5 per cent. would absorb £31,112, leaving £54,766 to be carried forward. Every roof the Company owns covers active employment, and if an additional million pounds worth of buildings could now be provided they would immediately be let to advantage.

Amongst the developments reported, the Chairman stated that an agreement had been entered into with the Ministry of Food to provide for the insulation of a huge warehouse which the Company was constructing to be used for cold storage, with a capacity for 10,000 tons of frozen meat, or other produce requiring cold and cool storage.

The 30,000 of the Company's railway debentures issued since the last meeting were largely over-applied for by the shareholders.

The shareholders have the satisfaction of knowing that what they have accomplished in Trafford Park will greatly assist manufacturers to successfully solve the great problem which is set them to keep up the position of industrial England in face of the coming intensive world trade competition. This is no light task, and it is time the difficulties were faced. Trafford Park can help in the creation of new industries and in the substitution of up-to-date for antiquated methods. Nature having provided ideal conditions in the way of level land with sound foundations overlying the water bearing red sandstone in the heart of industrial England, the property is equipped by us with every traffic facility.

In Lancashire alone we have one-eighth of the population of England, largely—if not mainly—dependent upon international trade, and producing more than one-half of our exported manufactured products. A century ago the district provided practically the whole of the world's requirements of most manufactured products passing overseas, and having that monopoly we were so careless of transport facilities that we required international customers to come to us inland for their supplies. A generation since the competition of producers in other countries had rendered it necessary for some of our industries to be contiguous to deep water in order to hold their own, so we scratched a waterway to the sea, and thus provided the most important transport facility without which the heavier trades of this district would not have survived. In the near future the exercise of economy in transport will be as requisite for our cotton manufacturers and for our other high-class producers as it has been for some years for the heavier trades, and it will be found fortunate indeed in the coming struggle that right in the heart of the manufacturing districts docks are provided available to regular lines of steamers to trade with all the principal ports of the world.

Our port, which is destined for great things, is already the fourth—if not the third—in the United Kingdom, from the point of view of the importer and exporter of general merchandise, although Manchester shippers are as yet unable, because of the conference arrangements between the steamship lines—to ship at Manchester three-fourths of the Manchester goods which are exported. Having provided docks, the next essential for the equipment of the new port was to provide facilities at or as near to those docks as was practicable, so that manufacturers and other traders would be enabled to obtain raw materials at a minimum of expense from the importing steamers and to manufacture or stock there and distribute at minimum cost both inland and overseas. The provision of this facility is our "raison d'être," and most of you know it led me to retire from the management of the Ship Canal to accomplish this purpose. The Canal Company and this Company mutually provided the "charter" by agreeing to connect every part of the Manchester Docks with every part of Trafford Park by what in effect is—for this purpose—a free railway, the traffic being hauled in wagons provided for the purpose for the nominal charge of 6d. per ton. This arrangement was made for all time with the knowledge that the accommodation and services could not be provided for 6d. per ton, but that the facility would bring revenue in the shape of canal toll to the Canal Company and in ground rent to this Company. Experience has abundantly proved the wisdom of the arrangement, with the result that the Canal Company has largely increased its trade and consequently its revenue thereby, and we have a development facility of great value to ourselves and of the greatest value to our traders. Traffic hauled between the park and the docks has paid more than £50,000 in Ship Canal toll during the last twelve months.

Like all land development Companies, we carry out the requisite roadmaking, drainage, and other ordinary improvement work, but where their work ends ours only really commences, for we arrange facilities to enable our traders to be economically supplied with electricity, gas, water, and Transport, and to such an extent do we cover the work usually undertaken by the District Councils that upon the major portion of the estate the rates are only 3s. 8d. in the £, and are on the downward grade. But where large traffic is concerned all this is trifling as compared with the great facility we acquired by obtaining the full Parliamentary powers of a railway Company and by operating our railway in the best interests of our traders instead of being drawn into the conventional rut of British railway management. Our statutory railway, communicating with all main lines serving the district, directly and freely connects with every works upon the estate, forming the largest composite railway traffic system of this description in the World. We and our Traders already have more than forty miles of railway track to which we are continuously adding, and our general merchandise traffic, which we can claim to have created, exceeds that of most of the main line Companies of the country; in fact, excepting for the main line Companies which serve our district, and which participate in our traffic, there are only four or five railways in England with a greater general merchandise traffic than is conveyed over our railway in Trafford Park. Our traders are not restricted by us as to rates; on the contrary, we exercise our influence as a statutory railway Company to obtain the best terms which existing legislation provides for the conveyance of their traffic to and from inland destinations.

The facilities we have provided necessarily cost much, and we have expended more than half a million of money in the development of our property. We can now confidently report to you that all our ventures have been justified; they have provided the most highly developed sites for the establishment of works in the country, if not in the world.

A Government Special Trade Commission from Canada recently visited the United Kingdom, France and Italy with a view to the development of shipping facilities, and in their report just published they state: "The wonderful development of the Trafford Park Estate promised to place Manchester in a unique position for handling and storing goods." What more satisfactory testimony can we desire?

So much for our own work, but there is a great deal of further preparation essential in this country before British manufacturers can compete upon even terms with manufacturers in other countries.

Our British railway rates for general merchandise traffic are for the most part fifty per cent. higher than those charged to manufacturers in competing countries. An effective general merchandise railway service is to be obtained in Great Britain at no greater cost to the trader than in Germany or elsewhere, and—paradoxical as it may appear—without necessitating any reduction of the railway shareholders' dividend. As evidence of this it costs traffic more to maintain a central goods station in any large town—without providing a single service there—than it costs for the whole of the railway service and accommodation in Trafford Park, including shunting, marshalling, invoicing and conveyance. General merchandise railway traffic is for the most part efficiently conveyed in this country at no greater cost than is expended upon like conveyance on the Continent. Substitute railway facilities like those of Trafford Park in place of the conventional English station upon any British main line, that main line Company will then obtain more in the aggregate for conveyance, when charging the low Continental rates, than when charging the present rates for the same traffic conveyed a like distance between two large town stations.

Where is the statesman sufficiently in authority who will deal with this most important of reforms, the statesman who will seek to understand the subject and to take action upon it in the interests of the traders of this country? Where is our Minister of Commerce?

Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., in seconding the adoption of the report, also referred to the railway problem.

It had always seemed to him a curious idea that there should be antagonism between the railway Companies and their customers, the public, and that it was necessary, in what Parliament calls "its wisdom," to establish a special tribunal called the Railway and Canal Commission to prevent railway Companies injuring the trade of the country. Railway transit is a trade, and no trade can be managed except by business men, and it is a ludicrous idea that a court of law can manage the business of the railways of England. At the present time we know that the railways are in the hands of the State, and we know that a special committee has been appointed by the President of the Board of Trade to consider the whole question of the future of railways. There are thirteen million pounds invested in our railways, and some of it not wisely. There are about one million people who hold stocks in them, and are, therefore, interested in the dividends. It is obvious that the working expenses and labour bill of railway Companies must be enormously increased, and that will lead to an increase and not a decrease of railway rates for merchandise to the detriment of the trade of the country already suffering from rates higher than those charged on Continental railways if the old system is to continue. He was not in favour of the railways being taken over by the State. He thinks the State would work them badly, and that they might be used for political instead of for trade purposes, but something drastic must be done. He did not like the idea of subsidising the Companies, for that

can only be done by putting the hand of the State into the pocket of the taxpayer. The roads of the country are administered by public bodies, why not the iron roads? Why should not the State purchase the railroads from the Companies and lease them to the Companies to work? By that means the Government could put by covenant stringent and drastic conditions on the Companies in favour of trade, and so regulate railways in the public interest without the cumbrous, expensive and foolish machinery of a court of law. That, too, would place a large amount of capital in the hands of the Companies, and he thought it would bring about a unity of working these continuous roads which is as essential to the unity which the Prime Minister has been insisting on with the Allies. In that way the railways would be gainers and the traders protected. With fair play the traders of this country can hold their own against the industrial armies of the world.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Lord Ashburton, the retiring director, was re-elected a director. Messrs. Jones, Crewdson and Youatt were re-appointed auditors.

CALEDONIAN (CEYLON) TEA AND RUBBER.

THE ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Caledonian (Ceylon) Tea and Rubber Estates, Limited, was held on Monday, Mr. A. A. Baumann (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: The report and accounts which have been in your hands for the last week are so full and so detailed that I am absolved from the necessity of doing more than making a few remarks of comment and explanation. The crops harvested during the year were rubber 127,255 lb., tea 667,514 lb., the all-in cost of the tea was 10.91d., and the average gross selling price was 1s. 0.23d., the all-in cost of the rubber was 1s. 5.27d. per pound, and the average gross selling price was 2s. 9.87d. per pound. If you will turn to the trading and profit and loss account for the year you will find that the net proceeds by the sale of rubber were £15,923, and if you look at the other side of the account you will find that it cost us in crop expenditure and depreciation £6,914 odd to get the sum I have just mentioned. The proceeds of the sale of tea amounted to £26,576 odd, and the cost of getting that sum by crop expenditure and depreciation was £21,809. You will therefore observe that the cost of production of the tea is very high, whereas the cost of the production of the rubber as compared with the proceeds is about the right proportion. I always think that a well-managed tea and rubber company ought to work at about 50 per cent. of the gross proceeds as working costs. That is about the proportion of the figures in regard to the rubber—£6,900 odd, cost, and nearly £16,000 realised by sale. In tea, of course, it is a very different thing; we have had to spend nearly £22,000 and have realised £26,576. These results in tea are due to a variety of causes; the cost of production is naturally higher when output is restricted, and the cost of manuring has gone up very much of late, while, owing to the difficulty of getting freight, we have been obliged to sell some of our tea locally, and, I am sorry to say, at bad prices. Undoubtedly the cost of the production of tea is too high, and if conditions are at all favourable in the coming year we must see if we cannot get the cost of production of tea lower. But there are great difficulties ahead.

With regard to the estimates for the coming year, the estimated crop of rubber is 150,000 pounds, and the estimated crop of tea is 690,000 lb., but the latter figure is, of course, subject to revision. In fact, I do not see any reasonable prospect of our getting much more than 500,000 lb., or 550,000 lb., of tea. We have, of course, the restriction imposed upon us by the Government; we are only allowed to ship 66 p.c. of our former output, and we ourselves, on the top of the Government restriction, find it prudent to pluck only certain kinds of tea, and therefore it is quite possible that in the current year our crop of tea may be considerably below the estimate. The sum total is that the net profit for the year, after writing off £1,000 for depreciation, comes to £13,079 odd, to which we have the balance brought forward from 1915-16 of £4,677 odd, less again excess profits duty for two years to June 30, 1916, which is £3,389 odd, so that we have finally a total to deal with of £14,367 19s. 2d. There is to be deducted from that the interest on our debentures, which is £3,050, there is the dividend of 6 p.c. on the cumulative preference shares for 1916-17 of £1,920, and we have already paid you an interim dividend on the ordinary shares of 5 p.c., which absorbs £1,750, leaving available to be disposed of now a sum of £7,647 19s. 2d. What we recommend you to do with that sum is as follows: We advise you to place £500 to the credit of the cost advance reserve account, and to pay a final dividend of 10 p.c., less tax, making a total for the year of 15 p.c., less tax at 5s. in the £, payable on the 20th of this month, absorbing £4,000, leaving us to carry forward to next year, subject to excess profits duty, a sum of £3,647 19s. 2d. These are the recommendations of the board, and if you pass the report and accounts that dividend will be paid. As I said just now, we have great difficulties to contend with. As long as this miserable war lasts we have the difficulty of finding freights and the difficulty of selling our tea. Our agents in Ceylon do their best, but it is not possible for us to anticipate or to hope that we shall do as well as we should in times of peace. Of course, the excess profits duty is one that falls

heavily upon a company like this which is just beginning to pay dividends. If it had not been for the excess profits duty we should have been able to pay you a dividend of 25 p.c. on the ordinary shares. I now beg to propose that the report and accounts submitted to this meeting be, and the same are hereby, approved and adopted, and I will ask Mr. Roydon Hughes to second it.

Mr. J. Roydon Hughes seconded the resolution.

In reply to Mr. A. G. Mitchell, the Chairman said they did not pay income-tax in Ceylon, but they had to pay export duty.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Mitchell asked if there was any intention to redeem any of the first or second debentures in the near future. He always felt that in a company like that the shareholders could hardly expect to come into their own until the debentures were out of the way.

The Chairman said they had not had any debentures offered to them at a discount, and, of course, purchases of debentures depended on the price. Unless they could be bought at a substantial discount it was not good business to pay them off. The first debentures were perpetual and the second were redeemable in 1930.

Mr. Walter Allnutt, F.S.A.A., who has for many years held the post of Secretary of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Ltd., and the Anchor Cable Company, Ltd., has, in consequence of his advanced age and the necessity for obtaining greater leisure, requested the directors of those companies to release him from his engagement with them. The directors have acceded to his request, and have appointed Mr. Howard Foulds, who is at present Secretary of the Electrical Supply Committee of the Birmingham City Council, to fill the vacancy thus occasioned. Mr. Foulds will commence his duties as Secretary of the above Companies on January 1st, 1918.

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